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Published in Australia for
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The Other Shelby Girl

A girl's image, precious and lovely, had been the core of his hopes and dreams.

WHEN I'd rung the bell I wanted to turn and run. Betty was still my girl—I hoped and prayed—but she was more than that. She was a concept and a symbol. Betty, in her various names and guises, is the core of all a fighting man's hopes, the image he carries in the back of his mind and the front of his heart. The thing that makes him keep on putting one foot in front of the other when everything else in him says, "Let's get out of here."

It was almost nine o'clock and I'd been at home four hours. She hadn't come to the train, because I'd asked her not to: "I'd rather see you alone, dear, where I can really let go." I'd written her that from hospital and she wrote back, "I understand, Bill. I'll be waiting for you."

I wondered how I'd had the nerve to ask a girl to wait for me. I wondered how I dared to come back, bringing only a part of my physical self, to redeem a promise made, perhaps, in the glorious hysteria of self-sacrifice.

The door opened and I stepped through a rectangle of light with my hand out. I was expecting a girl and so I reached out to the girl in the hallway. It wasn't Betty. It was her younger sister, Connie.

I was a little slow on the readjustment, perhaps, because I could see that Connie had grown up in the years I'd been away. Before that she'd seemed just a kid. We used to insult each other while I was waiting for Betty to dress.

I took up where we'd left off and said, "It would be you. Now I know I'm at home," and waited for the fireworks.

They didn't come right away. She swallowed hard and blinked her eyes once or twice, then made a flying tackle. "Bill!"

In a way, I was glad to practise holding a girl with one arm. And in a way I was glad to feel Connie's arms round my neck, because if a man ever needed reassurance I needed it then.

She stepped back with her hands still on my shoulders and looked me over. I breathed carefully, wondering whether she'd ignore my arm—or cry over it. What Connie did might give me an idea of what to expect from Betty.

She took me in, not missing anything. Not even the sleeve tucked into my left pocket. Then she grinned. "All those years when you used to tell me what you could do to me with one hand tied behind you. Now I'll find out whether you were bragging."

I wanted to kiss her again, not because she was my girl's sister, but because she'd made a natural, honest joke of an empty coat sleeve. "All right," I said. "Just start something."

Her eyes stopped laughing, but there was only a friendly interest in them. "Does it hurt any more, Bill?"

"Not often."

I was wondering about Betty, and why she hadn't opened the door instead of leaving it to Connie, but I couldn't ask. Betty was always late for everything, but when she did show up you knew she was worth waiting for. Connie read my mind; I remembered that sometimes she'd been uncomfortably good at it. "She'll be down in a minute. She's in such a dither she's changed her dress three times."

I heard footsteps and Mrs. Shelby's voice as she and her husband came out of the library. "Connie, is that Bill?"

They were honestly glad to see me, I think, but they went through all sorts of ocular gymnastics to keep from looking at where my left arm had been. They didn't have Connie's courage, or perhaps her understanding.

"You're looking wonderful," Mrs. Shelby said, and Mr. Shelby put in his contribution: "Yes. Heavier, aren't you?"

I'd lost plenty of weight, but I let it go. "About the same, I think."

They were nice people and they were being nice to me, but my heart was crying for Betty to hurry. I heard her voice finally, from the hall: "Bill!"

I said, "Betty—" in a choked whisper, and ran toward her.

For a while time stood still. Then I discovered that she was crying, and I looked at her in anguish, not knowing whether she cried from regret or happiness.

"What is it, Betty? Please don't, dear."

"I can't help it. When I think of what they've done to you—"

Everything in me stopped functioning and I felt cold all over. "You

mean my arm?" I had to find out quickly.

"Everything. You look so pale and tired." She sobbed again, without sound.

My arm dropped. I'd come home to forget, not to be reminded and wept over. In a way, her tears were wonderful. She couldn't play it; Connie's way because she loved me and Connie didn't, and that was what I had to find out before I could take up the job of living.

I said gently, "Let's get out of here, sweet, and drive round a while."

"All right." She smiled and I was able to breathe again.

When we reached the car, she started round to the left side.

"Where are you going?" I said. She stopped. "You mean—you can still drive?"

"Of course, I can drive." It sounded too harsh, so I softened up the next words. "Haven't I always driven with one arm when you were in the car?"

But the other one had been round her. It was pride that made me insist; from now on I couldn't even touch her as I drove. But I could park, and I had the spot picked out—a spot overlooking the river. I'd carried that with me, too. I went

there now, as fast as four faithful, work-worn tyres could take me. The gods had even granted me a moon. I thanked them silently as I cut the engine.

We didn't say anything for a long time; we didn't need to. Finally I put my face down on her hair. "Now tell me what you've done for the past three years. Begin at the beginning, because I've got the rest of my life to listen."

She laughed unsteadily. "But I've written to you about all that, Bill."

"A lot of your letters never caught up with me." At least that was what I'd always told myself. Betty isn't much of a correspondent. "I'd rather risk hearing it again."

"It's so unimportant," she insisted. "Trivial. Red Cross and racing somewhere because the grapevine tells you that a certain shop has bacon to-day if you hurry."

I took a breath. "What about—masculine attention? How many rivals have I got?"

"None. You know that."

"Yes, thank heaven. But I also know you're too beautiful to have been sitting at home every night." I put a lot of sincerity into the next words. "I'm not jealous. I just wondered who you'd been seeing."

Her laugh was brittle. "There weren't many people to see. Men at home on leave for a few days, and the ones who couldn't get in for one reason or another. People like—oh, John Edwards."

It wasn't Edwards' name that made my heart stumble; it was that short hesitation before she spoke it. A nice chap, John, a smart young lawyer with such poor eyesight the Army wouldn't take him. I'd always liked him, and I devoted a few seconds to remembering it. I'm a lawyer, too, and I knew that for a while I'd have to take the business my father could throw me—and also the crumbs that fell from John's table.

"He in love with you?" It wasn't more than a breath.

"No." But he was. I knew it then, as surely as she knew it. All at once I didn't want to hear any more. I just wanted to hold her and watch the quiet silver path on the river.

We were constantly together the next few days, and we were silent a lot more than we talked. I didn't mind—just being near her was enough for me—but there were times when it seemed to me that we lived in separate silences. And that scared me.

Please turn to page 4.

She turned to Bill, trying to speak but unable to find words.

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The Other Shelby Girl

Continued from page 3

EVENTUALLY Betty brought up the subject I didn't want to talk about yet. "When are you going to start practising again, Bill?"

I produced a grin and counter-attacked. "When are you going to marry me, Betty?"

"Doesn't the second answer depend on the first one?"

"Does it?" I said. "I didn't realise that. I've got a lot of money saved. Where I've been there wasn't anything to spend it on. I sort of hoped"—my voice sounded flat, even to me—that we might get married and go to some quiet place and just—just be together awhile."

She kissed me, too gently. "We couldn't do that, Bill. It's wonderful that you've saved some money, but you'll need it while you're getting started again."

Not "we," but "you." I had to prove myself before she would marry me, and just then I couldn't have proved that two and two make four. I let it drop and grasped another thorn. "By the way, what about the dance next week? Would you go with me?" A one-armed man at a dance. But I had to ask her.

She didn't look at me. "John Edwards asked me, Bill, a month ago. Before we—before I knew you'd be home. I could call it off, though."

"Of course not," I said. "I just wanted to be sure you got there." Then I braced myself. "Does John know we're engaged?"

Once more the silence stretched too tight. "It's—so indefinite, Bill. Your being in a position to marry. I—" Her voice thinned out to nothing.

"I see." The words didn't belong to me; they were too steady and controlled. "Under the circumstances, it was stupid of me—conceded, I suppose—to expect it."

Her lashes were pointed with tears. "Oh, Bill, I do love you!"

"Of course you do," I left it at that.

When Betty was busy I took to falling back on Connie. Connie was as comfortable as a pair of house slippers and I could say anything under the sun to her.

One day she said suddenly, "Aren't you going to get one of those artificial arms? I read about 'em the other day and you can learn to do anything with 'em."

I'd thought about it since the day they told me how it was going to be. And I'd wondered whether an artificial arm might not be more painful to Betty than no arm at all. The thing that surprised me was Connie's having read about them.

"I don't know," I said. "Would a woman find it a little—gruesome?"

She made an inelegant sound with her lips. "He wants to look romantic and pathetic," she said.

"Oh, nuts," I said. "I'm serious." She sat up and glared at me. "You think I'm not?"

We looked at each other a long time and I saw the clear wisdom of her eyes. Connie knew things that Betty would never discover. If a man could have Betty, with Connie's courage—

"That reminds me," I said abruptly. "Would you go to the dance with me on Saturday night? Your sister has a previous engagement. I thought I'd explain so you wouldn't get any cockier than you are already."

Connie's face was like stone for a minute, and I thought it was my frankness that had made her so angry. Then she smiled, and I wondered if I'd imagined it. "Thank you so much. Nobody could turn down such a graceful invitation."

By mutual agreement, Connie and

I decided to be late at the dance. I think we both wanted the decks cleared at her house. We wanted Betty and John to leave first, and the dance to be in full swing when we got there.

People yelled at us as we came in. They patted Connie's shoulder and pumped my hand, and the knot in my stomach began to untie itself. Betty and John weren't in sight, so I imagined they were dancing. Then Connie said, "I want to dance."

I lied nobly. "So do I." Dancing with Connie had always been something to dream about. After the first few bars I knew it still was, despite my one arm.

Except that I was hunting frantically for Betty above her shoulder—and I couldn't find her. I couldn't find John either.

Connie sensed it, perhaps because I tightened up and missed a couple of steps. She tilted her head back to look gravely at me. "She's probably touching up her face, Bill. She does a lot of that at dances."

The possibility helped a little, and I was able to grin at her. Yes, Connie was a jewel and a gift from heaven. She could make me laugh even then. Someone else asked her to dance then and I felt pan-stricken because I was losing her. I think she knew it, but she also knew it would be worse to refuse him and so make me a sort of charity patient. I bowed out and started for the terrace.

But before I could get out, two or three girls were flocking round me, and one of them said, "Aren't you going to ask me to dance, Bill?"

Of course, I said yes, and again it wasn't a bit tad... and that's how it went on all the evening. Every time somebody went off and left me stranded, another girl would appear from somewhere, and it all looked accidental and spontaneous. I kept on wondering, and pretty soon I knew it was Connie's doing, for they were all her friends, but I liked it anyhow, and I came close to enjoying myself.

Except that I couldn't fool myself about Betty and her make-up. She was still missing, and so was John.

FINALLY I couldn't stand any more of it, and I made a break for the terrace. My girl and John Edwards were a blur at the far end of it. They were huddled close together, talking, and somehow I knew Betty was crying—or had been.

And suddenly I saw it all, and wondered how I'd been stupid enough not to see it sooner. Betty had wanted to break off with me ever since I came home, and she was too honorable to go back on her word.

I didn't dare stop to think after that. I headed for their end of the terrace. "Betty," I said quietly.

Both of them jumped up. I didn't give them a chance to say anything.

"I was looking for you," I said, "because I had to tell you something, and this looked like the right time to do it. I—it's taken me a while to realise it, but I'd like to—withdraw from the competition." I couldn't say "break our engagement," because that would be news to John. I managed a smile that must have been grisly. She tried to speak, but couldn't seem to find words and anyhow I couldn't afford to let her. I held out my hand to John. "Good luck. And if she says yes, thank your stars for the break."

I got my hand away and left in a hurry. When Betty called out, "Bill, wait," I kept on going until I found Connie.

"Come on, Bill," she whispered,

taking one look at my face. "Let's get out of here and go home."

She let me drive, even though she must have guessed I was half blind from what had happened. After we'd gone about a mile I said, "Why didn't you tell me, Connie? You know how much use I've got for pity and burnt offerings."

She wasn't sitting close to me now. She was silent and remote in her corner. "I couldn't tell you," she said finally, "because Betty didn't know herself."

"Until she saw me."

That brought her to life in a hurry. "You fool!" she snapped. "You think your arm had anything to do with it?" She laid a hand over mine on the wheel and her voice grew queerly urgent. "Reverse the situation for a minute, Betty—if you can. Suppose it was Bill who had lost an arm. Would that make you stop loving her?"

"No!" I whispered, trying to visualise it. "I'd love her twice as much."

"Of course you would." Connie's voice had a sudden throbbing tenderness. "Bill—I could weep for the men who come back so timidly, just because they've left an unimportant part of themselves somewhere else. That's no barrier when people love each other."

"You mean, she doesn't love me? So she's loved Edwards all along?" I asked.

Connie thought it over. "I honestly don't know. I think she's realised that John is more her type; that he wants the same sort of life she wants. Actually, Bill, she's a beautiful, ordinary girl who wants a smooth, ordinary life. She guesses—there was a chuckle under the next words—"that you'd be entirely capable of throwing over a big case because you wanted to go somewhere on a tramp steamer."

I whipped the car into a side road and cut the engine, staggered by the truth of what she had said.

"Connie"—I was whispering it—"you know things about me that I don't even know about myself until you tell me. How? Why?" Without the slightest warning she began to cry.

"Because, you big moron, I've loved you ever since I can remember. I've been afraid that I'd murder my own spinnable sister for hurting you. I knew you wouldn't see how it was, and you'd think—what you did think."

I had her in my arms then. She tried to pull away, but I held on harder. "Don't go," I begged her. "Give me a chance to get used to this. I'm a little slow to-night."

It took only a few seconds, after all. The only thing I had to remember was how happy and rested I'd felt with Connie, and how miserable I'd been with Betty. A concept and a dream. I called it earlier, and that was what it was. It was Betty's face because I'd loved her when I went away. What I'd known since I came home wasn't heart-break, but only a sick emptiness, because the dream was so different from the reality.

It was Connie who had filled the emptiness. Even before I knew how it really was, Connie had been the one who gave me back my courage.

I bent my head closer to hers. "Look up, Connie. Please. Do you mind very much that I haven't got a free hand to lift your chin myself?"

She sobbed once more, but I had a feeling that this was the last one. "Don't, Bill. Say things like that. I mean—ever again. I was just waiting to find out whether you want me to. And—praying."

I—oh, what's the use? You'll never know how beautiful it was, and I can't tell you.

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



WEEK-END

He was a clever strategist in war, but his scheming this time was for two young people's happiness

THE week-end was going to be awkward. I knew it as soon as I got out of the car and saw Celia. I had always thought General Van Breda tactless, but that he should ask Celia at a time like this with six other people really took the cake. The others were Rolly and Margery Winter, John French and his wife, Helen, and ourselves. That, with the General and Tanta Francina, our hosts, made up the party.

A week-end at Sterkfontein followed the usual South African farm pattern—one in which it is difficult for any one person to avoid any of the others.

The General would take us out to look at the stock, we would bathe in the dam; some of us might take a ride if the horses could be caught; and the rest would just be sitting on the stoep drinking tea or a sun-downer of brandy and water.

We'd have meals in a dining-room kept dark to reduce the activity of the flies.

Nothing could be nicer if things went well. Nothing more unpleasant if they did not. Being English, I hated any kind of scene and that was why I was so annoyed at seeing Celia. I was sorry for her, but—

My thoughts were interrupted by the General saying, "Welcome, Edward."

He was a courtly old man with a pointed white beard and bright blue eyes. His face was the color of a good second-hand saddle. He had a scar on his left cheek. In the Boer War he fought with Botha against us, and in the last war he had fought with Botha on our side.

"I am so glad you could come," he said. I said how glad I was that he had been able to make it, but my eyes were on the people on the stoep. George—that's my wife—succeeded in extracting herself from Tanta Francina's arms, and we went up the steps together.

"Now we'll have some more tea," Tanta Francina said. She called to the house boy.

Everyone said, "Hullo, Ed." or "Hullo, Edward. Have a good trip?" I said yes.

But I wasn't really paying much attention to what they were saying. I was looking at Celia. She was as pretty as ever. Outwardly as cool as a cucumber, I thought, but her brown eyes were angry or hurt, or both, perhaps. She still can't believe that this has happened to her, I thought, but means to carry it off with a high hand. Plenty of grit, but that wouldn't make things any easier.

"Hullo, Edward," she said. "Nice to see you after such a long time." It wasn't really a long time, only about a month.

"Hullo, Celia," I said. "Pretty as ever."

As I said it, I realised what a silly remark it was. The past hurt her, and not to mention it was too pointed.

"Why not?" she said. Her chin was up, and her eyes looked straight into mine. I left it like that, and asked Rolly how things were going on his place.

"Not bad," he said. "I look like getting a good crop as long as we get good rains."

Then the tea came and I sat down next to George. Tea was a good idea, but one couldn't spend two days with one's nose buried in a cup. And somebody was bound to bring up Jimmy's name. Jimmy was Celia's husband. I only hoped it wouldn't be me.

The whole thing was really a tragedy. They had always got on so well. Handsome couple, people called them, but that was an understatement. Jimmy was, in his way,

as beautiful as a man as Celia was as a woman. Six three, golden hair, strong as an ox, brave as a lion—at least that's what we'd thought him. None of us had been surprised when he got a decoration in Libya. Splendid chap, and then

He'd been sent back a month ago, and the story had got round the way those stories do. If he hadn't had that decoration, he'd have stood a good chance of being shot for cowardice in the face of the enemy—that was the army term or something like it. In ordinary English, Jimmy had run away.

There was going to be a divorce. Celia had left him already and had written to him to say she was not coming back. He could now, under South African law, divorce her for desertion, and had agreed to do it, though he was mad about her.

A queer aside to the business was that the General was Jimmy's godfather, and the old man was known to be deeply fond of both the young people. Jimmy and Celia had spent their honeymoon at Sterkfontein. That was partly why it had come as such a surprise to see Celia here. I should have thought it was the one place she would have avoided.

Either she had no feelings at all or she had even more grit than I had thought at first. This was taking the skeleton out of the cupboard and giving it a good rattle with a vengeance.

I could see her face very clearly from where I sat. She had lit another cigarette and was staring out over the veldt. There was a fine view from the stoep.

I wondered what was going on in her mind. She must have sat like this with Jimmy, staring at the same view. Below us was the water land—a brilliant green of lucerne—beyond that there were the mealie lands then came the open veldt dotted with trees, and then the foothills began to roll up toward the mountains.

Nothing had been said about the real reason for their splitting up. She'd just said that he'd changed. After two years of war, he was different. That they did not get on as they used to.

At this instant, as she stared, nothing could help her. She looked as if she might cry, but I didn't think she would. She was the kind of girl who, if she cried at all, would cry alone and at night. Everyone was pretty silent. It wasn't only me, even George was quiet. The combination of Celia and the lilac light of evening had hit us all, except the General. But no one could ever tell what went on in his mind.

Tanta Francina had gone into the house to see about dinner. Even good boys like hers could not be left entirely alone, and just as I was thinking I could do with a drink, the boy came with it. Brandy, whiskey, a big jug of water, and glasses.

As he came round, we poured out our drinks. Celia took a pretty stiff one—a good two fingers. The light continued to fall. The lilac changed to purple. A big hawk moth hung poised beside the flower of a potato creeper. It hung like a sugar bird, its long, wiry tongue driven into the blossom. The coming night, the strength of nature, of Africa that no man has yet tamed, became palpable.

The moth, Celia, all of us were caught up in it. Only real Boers, like the General, and the Kaffirs understood this country; only they really belonged to it. Only they understood its strong, slow pulse.

I suppose thinking about Celia and Jimmy had made me more sensitive than usual, and I was tired, too; it had been a hard week on



"Sit down, girl," the general ordered sternly as Celia rose, attempting to leave.

the farm. What a lot of factors there were in life.

The General was smoking his pipe and looked just as usual. He smoked Boer tobacco that he kept loose in his pocket. His pipe had a little perforated cap that stopped the tobacco from jumping out of the bowl. I had seen it a hundred times, but I was noticing little things to-night. Celia's hair was almost red now; the whole veldt was red as the sun went down behind the mountains.

Later, there would be a moon. It would come up flaming as the sun had gone down. As African as the sun. Poor Celia. The full moon would have memories, too, for her.

Presently the women got up to bathe and dress for dinner. George took Celia's arm.

"Want to come round the stables?" the General asked the rest of us.

No one seemed very keen, so I said I would. It was quite dark now. The General took a stable lantern from a shelf on the stoep, lit it, and we went down the path to the kraals and stables.

He always went round the stables before dinner, just to see that everything was all right. We looked at some calves and he showed me a young bull he had bought.

"We'll look at the other beasts to-morrow when they come in for milking," he said. Then he went into another stable where he kept his horses and a pair of mules that would be needed early in the morning.

I was surprised to see his own horse, a big grey, in with the others. He generally ran out.

To make conversation, I said, "I see you're keeping Witbooi in now."

"Yes," he said, and went up to him and patted his neck. The horse turned round and nuzzled him.

"Eyes like a tiger," the General said. "He can see in the night as well as in the day." It was an odd remark, but I thought nothing of it. We went back to the house then.

George, dressed in blue-and-

By . . .

STUART CLOETE

white, was sitting on the bed swinging her leg. She had my things out.

"Well," she said, "enjoying yourself?"

"Certainly," I said.

"Well, I'm not," she said. "Poor Celia. What a mess."

"I don't see what else she could do," I said.

"You wouldn't, Ed."

"Why wouldn't I?" George annoyed me when she was cryptic.

"Because you're a man. Do you think if you were a coward I'd leave you?"

I must say the idea had never struck me that way. "No idea," I said.

"Well, I wouldn't," she said.

"I'm glad," I said. "But you're a silly girl."

"That's what I told Celia."

"That you were silly?"

"No. That she was a fool. A spoiled little fool."

I wasn't going to argue with George. It never did any good, so I said, "I still don't see what he asked her here for. Pretty tactless, considering they spent their honeymoon here."

She had just begun to say something when the gong rang.

"Come on, hurry up," she said.

I said, "I certainly hope things go better at dinner."

When we got in, everyone was waiting for us. I sat between Tanta Francina and Margery. Celia was opposite me.

The General began to tell some of his lion stories. They got worse and worse. Worse, that is, from the point of view of the situation. It's hard to tell a lion story without the question of courage coming up.

Inevitably, the story of Johann Colenbrander—Rhodes' agent to Lobengula—came up. Of how he'd been charged by a lion he had wounded, and had fought it off, killing it finally with his clubbed rifle and his hands. He had been a gigantic man, a fair man—this came out in the story—and, afterward, he had made his boys heat the rifle barrel red-hot in a fire and cauterise his own wounds with it; and then had mounted his horse and ridden home to his wife Maria.

Then there was the story of the ranger in the game reserve that a lion had knocked from his horse and carried into the bush. While under the lion, he had felt for its beating heart and, holding one hand on it, had driven his knife into it from between his fingers.

Tactless. This went beyond the tactless.

Then I thought of something. The General never acted without a plan. There must be a plan in it all somewhere. But what was was beyond me.

This idea was confirmed by old Tanta Francina, sitting at the end of the table, nodding her head and beaming approval of all her husband said. Celia didn't know which way to look. The General never looked her way, but his stories went steadily on and on.

You would have thought he was talking to me and Tanta Francina, but suddenly when Celia, unable to stand it any longer, pushed back her chair and tried to leave, he said, "Sit down, girl. Do you think I speak for nothing? Do you think I tell my wife and Edward these stories that all men know to no purpose?" His eyes were blazing at her.

"I have a purpose, and the first is achieved. It is to make you unhappy, to break you down. You are cornered now like a horse that is chased round a kraal till it is tired. You think you are being brave when you are being a fool, and when I speak you will listen. The stories I have told are old stories. Now I will tell a new one that few know. This is a story of my own life. Of the time when I was a young man and newly married. It took place soon after the Boer War."

Please turn to page 12

Autumn Harmony

Be perfectly Tuned to the Times... *Knit one of these!*

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"PRELUDE"	Jacket
"INTERLUDE"	Cardigan

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OUR BRILLIANT SERIAL

ONE YEAR LATER

STEPHEN FARRADAY felt strangely bereft and lonely as he walked into New Scotland Yard without Sandra.

It was as though when they faced a peril together, it lost half its terrors. Together they had strength, courage, power. Alone, he was nothing, less than nothing. And Sandra, did she feel the same? Was she sitting now in Kidderminster House, silent, reserved, proud and inwardly feeling horribly vulnerable?

Inspector Kemp received him pleasantly but gravely. There was a uniformed man sitting at a table with a pencil and a pad of paper.

Stephen said quietly, "I cannot imagine, Inspector, why you should need any further statement from me? You heard all I had to say this morning."

"That was a rather informal session, useful as a preliminary starting-off point. And also, Mr. Farraday, there are certain facts which I imagined you would prefer to discuss with me here. Anything irrelevant to the case we try to be as discreet about as is compatible with the attainment of justice. I dare say you understand what I am driving at."

"I'm afraid I don't."

Chief Inspector Kemp sighed. "Just this: You were on very intimate terms with the late Mrs. Rosemary Barton."

Stephen interrupted him. "Who says so?"

Kemp leaned forward and took a typewritten document from his desk. "This is a copy of a letter found among the late Mrs. Barton's belongings. The original is filed here and was handed to us by Miss Iris Marle, who recognises the writing as that of her sister."

Stephen read, "Leopard, darling— A wave of sickness passed over him. Rosemary's voice, speaking, pleading. Would the past never die, never consent to be buried? He pulled himself together and looked at Kemp."

"You may be correct in thinking Mrs. Barton wrote this letter, but there is nothing to indicate that it was written to me."

"Do you deny that you paid the rent of a flat in Malland Mansions, Earl's Court?"

So they knew. He wondered if they had known all the time. He shrugged his shoulders.

"You seem very well informed, May I ask why my private affairs should be dragged into the limelight?"

"They will not be unless they prove to be relevant to the death of George Barton."

"I see. You are suggesting that I first made love to his wife, and then murdered him."

"Come, Mr. Farraday, I'll be frank with you. You and Mrs. Barton were very close friends. You parted by your wish, not the lady's. She was proposing, as this letter shows, to make trouble. Very conveniently, she died. It may have been suicide. It may not. George Barton thought not. He started to investigate, and he died. The sequence is rather suggestive."

"I do not see why you should— well, pick on me."

"You admit that Mrs. Barton's

By...
AGATHA CHRISTIE

death came at a very convenient moment for you? A scandal, Mr. Farraday, would have been highly prejudicial to your career."

"There would have been no scandal. Mrs. Barton would have seen reason."

"I wonder! Did your wife know about this affair, Mr. Farraday?"

"Certainly not."

"You are quite sure of that statement?"

"Yes, I am. My wife has no idea that there was anything but friendship between myself and Mrs. Barton. I hope she will never learn otherwise."

"Is your wife a jealous woman, Mr. Farraday?"

"Not at all. She has never displayed the least jealousy where I am concerned. She is far too sensible."

The inspector did not comment on that. Instead, he said, "Have you at any time in the past year had cyanide in your possession, Mr. Farraday?"

"No."

"But you keep a supply of cyanide at your country property?"

"The gardener may. I know nothing about it."

"You have never purchased any yourself at a chemist's or for photography?"

"I know nothing of photography, and I repeat that I have never purchased cyanide."

Kemp pressed him a little further before he finally let him go.

To his subordinate, he said thoughtfully, "He was very quick denying that his wife knew about his affair with the Barton woman. Why was that, I wonder?"

"Dare say he's in a funk for fear she should get to hear of it, sir."

"That may be, but I should have thought he'd got the brains to see that if his wife was in ignorance and would cut up rough, that gives him an additional motive for wanting to silence Rosemary Barton. To save his skin, his line ought to have been that his wife more or less knew about the affair, but was content to ignore it."

"I dare say he hadn't thought of that, sir."

Kemp shook his head. Stephen Farraday was not a fool. He had a clear and astute brain. And he had been passionately keen to impress on the inspector that Sandra knew nothing.

"Well," said Kemp, "Colonel Race seems pleased with the line he's dug up, and if he's right, the Farradays are out—both of them. And, personally, I don't think he's a murderer."

The subject of their discussion had, meanwhile, started for home. He arrived there, still deep in thought, and opening the sitting-room door, called, "Sandra?" She came to him out of the darkness, suddenly holding him, her hands on his shoulders.

"Stephen?"

"Why are you all in the dark?"

"I couldn't bear the light. Tell me."

He said, "They know."

"About Rosemary?"

"Yes."



Wynne W. Davis

"And what do they think?"

"They see, of course, that I had a motive."

Oh, my darling, see what I've dragged you into. It's all my fault. If only I'd cut loose after Rosemary's death—gone away, left you free—so that, at any rate, you shouldn't be mixed up in all this horrible business."

"No, not that! Never leave me! Never leave me!" She clung to him, crying, the tears coursing down her cheeks. He felt her shudder. "You're my life, Stephen! All my life! Never leave me!"

"Do you care so much, Sandra? I never knew—"

"I didn't want you to know! But now—"

"Yes, now. We're in this together, Sandra. We'll face it together. Whatever comes, together!"

Strength came to them as they stood there, clasped together in the darkness.

Sandra said with determination, "This shall not wreck our lives! It shall not! It shall not!"

Anthony Browne looked at the

"What frightened you?"
Anthony asked gently,
taking her in his arms.

card the little page was holding out to him. He frowned, then shrugged his shoulders. He said to the boy, "All right, show him up."

When Colonel Race came in, Anthony was standing by the window with the bright sun striking obliquely over his shoulder.

He saw a tall, soldierly man with a lined, bronze face and iron-grey hair—a man whom he had seen before, but not for some years, and a man about whom he knew a good deal.

Race saw a dark, graceful figure and the outline of a well-shaped head. A pleasant, indolent voice said, "Colonel Race? You were a friend of George Barton's, I know. He talked about you on that last evening. Have a cigarette?"

"Thank you. I will."

Anthony said, as he held a match, "You were the expected guest that night who did not turn up. Just as well for you."

"You are wrong there. That place was not for me."

Anthony's eyebrows went up. "Really? Barton said—"

Race cut in, "George Barton may have said so. His plans were quite different. That chair, Mr. Browne, was intended to be occupied when the lights went down by an actress called Chloe West."

Anthony stared. "Chloe West? Never heard of her. Who is she?" "A young actress not very well known, but who possesses a certain superficial resemblance to Rosemary Barton."

Anthony whistled. "I begin to see."

"She had been given a photograph of Rosemary, so that she could copy the style of coiffure, and she also had the dress which Rosemary wore the night she died."

"So that was George's plan? Up go the lights! Hey, presto, gasps of supernatural dread! Rosemary has come back. The guilty party gasps out, 'It's true! It's true! I dunnit!'" He paused and added, "Rotten—even for an ass like poor old George."

Please turn to page 24

THE KEY TO THE TROUBLE

THEY ENVY JIM HIS HARDWARE STORE THAT MAN IS MAKING CASH GALORE

BUT JIMMY'S JOY IS INCOMPLETE... IN LOVE IT'S NOTHING BUT DEFEAT

I'VE MONEY, LOOKS, A HEART OF GOLD... AND GRIMY HANDS POOR JIM IS TOLD

USE ISOLVOL / KEEPS HANDS SPOTLESS, JIM... HE TOOK THE TIP... AND SHE TOOK HIM!

USE ISOLVOL / KEEPS HANDS SPOTLESS, JIM... HE TOOK THE TIP... AND SHE TOOK HIM!

SOLVOL
SOLVOL SHIFTS GRIME FASTER

At last

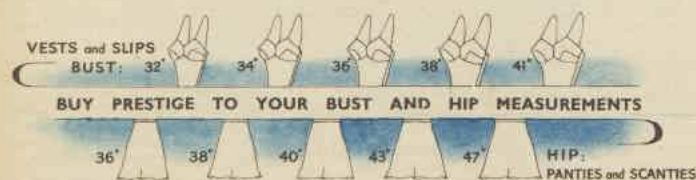
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Yvonne and Leo kept on laughing and singing, ignoring the sentries inspecting the cart.

LEO COMES HOME

WHEN Leo enlisted at the very start of the war he was only a clerk in a small-town insurance office. But he was one of the first boys in town to enlist; and when he came back, after his basic training, to become an aerial gunnery instructor at a field only ten miles from home, he was a hero right off the bat.

It was great for a boy like Leo to be pointed out, stopped in the street, asked for his opinion, and invited everywhere. His folks were bursting with pride. His girl, Marge, just glowed when she was with him. Being the only home-town boy back in uniform, Leo became a sort of symbol. And he enjoyed every minute of it.

But after two years of this, things changed. The rest of the boys were sending V-mails from all over the world. A couple of them had been decorated. And there was Leo, still ten miles from home, commuting to war every day, and people were beginning to avoid him.

Even his folks started feeling a little uncomfortable, with everyone else's sons killing Japs and Nazis. Marge, his girl, wasn't too happy any more, either.

"It's not that they don't think you're brave, Leo," Marge explained. "It's just that they don't think it's right for you to be in the Army and at home, at the same time." She couldn't stop the tears, when she told him this.

Leo went to his captain and asked for combat duty. He said he wanted to see action. The captain was impressed, of course, and promised to

put through the paper work right away. By the time he left the office, Leo felt like a hero again.

His folks hadn't expected anything so drastic as this. But now that it had happened, they were even prouder. Their boy had requested combat duty. Marge cried a little, but she began glowing again. As for the people in town, they couldn't do enough for Leo. They all felt guilty about the way they had treated him, and now they did their best to make it up to him.

It wasn't Leo's fault after that when the gunnery programme was stepped up at the field, and the commanding-officer cancelled all pending transfers of permanent staff instructors. Leo raved, begged, and was in the hair of every officer for five whole months. But he couldn't even get himself shipped to another base in the States.

By then, Marge was ashamed to be seen with him at all; his father was talking about moving the family to Ohio; his mother gave up her organisations, even the sewing club. As for Leo, he started losing weight, and when the captain called him into his office one morning he slumped weakly, then stared at the floor.

"I've got some good news for you, Kluggs," the captain said. Leo didn't bother to look up. "A B-17 on its way to England just made an emergency landing here. The tail gunner's appendix burst." Leo's head popped back. "How would you like to go in his place?"

"Me? Now?"

"First thing in the morning."

Leo gulped, then threw his arms round the captain and kissed him. An hour later he was packed, had the first of his overseas shots, and was already hitching home to tell his folks.

Half the town watched that Fortress fly over the next morning, and Mrs. Kluggs decided to go to the sewing club that afternoon; she wanted to begin knitting socks for Leo.

Almost before he got to know everybody's name in the crew, Leo's Fortress landed in Maine. While

By...

SEYMOUR L. GOMBERG

the ship was being refuelled and checked over, he wrote a long letter to his folks. He just had time to put an airmail stamp on it and mail it before they took off. And on the very next morning Leo was in the tail turret trying to see England through the haze of a thick fog below. So far they hadn't been able to see anything below because of the clouds, and the B-17 never stopped bouncing and pitching for a minute; the instruments were whipping round like roulette wheels; and twice they ran into rain and cross-winds.

Little by little the clouds cleared, however, and they started to see patches of the ground, houses, and some farms below. Then they saw

an airfield pattern, with long runways and a row of hangars.

"We'll be eating steak and kidney pie in fifteen minutes, lads," the pilot yelled over the interphone, as he pushed the Fort's nose down. They all cheered.

"Wait a minute!" the navigator broke in. "We're not due to arrive for fifteen minutes yet. Maybe this isn't our field. We might be off course. I'll check."

"Just look at the map, Columbus. You should memorise them like I do," the pilot answered. And it was just then that three of the gunners saw Messerschmitts—at least twenty of them. And they were taking off from the field below!

"What's going on?" a waist gunner screamed. "Those are Germans!"

"I told you," the navigator broke in; "we're off our course!"

"We must be over France!" somebody else yelled back. "That's a German field; they think

we're coming over on a raid!" "Get into the clouds!" It was the bombardier. "It's our only chance!"

Even with the four throttles wide open, the B-17 seemed to be only creeping toward the clouds. In the meantime the Nazi fighters were clawing up like a swarm of hungry eagles. But they never hit the Fortress. The ack-ack got it first. There was a terrific explosion, then two more, and the first thing Leo knew the pilot was yelling for everybody to jump.

Looking out of the open hatch at the spinning ground below, Leo got dizzy and weak. He started to pull back, but a burst of machine-gun fire ripped through the floor beside him. So he fell out into space.

How far he fell, or when his para-

chute opened, Leo never knew. He just suddenly stopped falling, with a shock that almost tore his head off, and then he started swinging back and forth, like a pendulum. He opened one eye; his chute had caught in a tree, suspending him about thirty feet from the ground.

Leo tried everything, but he couldn't get down. So for the next hour he did nothing but chew through parachute cord, which is like biting soft cables. But he managed to get through six shroud-lines, and the last one did it!

He was hanging feet down again. Only he was still hanging.

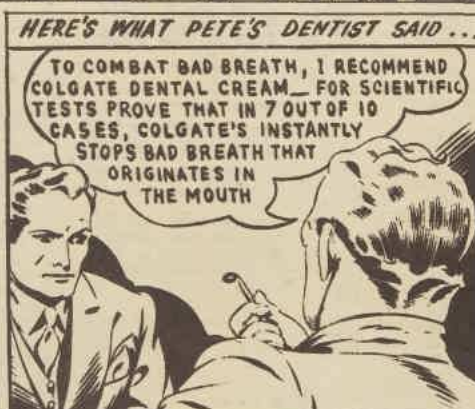
That was when he first saw the people below. There was a murmur of voices in a language he couldn't understand, and then a few seconds later a large, tough-looking man started climbing up the tree. When he reached a branch near Leo, he took out a long knife and Leo started to yell, then kicked at him, but the guy threatened him with the knife, and Leo shut up.

Satisfied, the man started cutting the shroud-lines, and tying the cut ends to the branch. In a couple of minutes, the guy was able to pull him up to his branch, the shroud-lines were untied, and Leo climbed down, his knees shaking.

There were about twenty people under that tree, and all of them had guns, knives, and clubs in their hands. A stocky man with grey hair asked Leo questions in a strange language, then searched him. Everything he found he handed over to a bright-eyed woman, who looked them over carefully—Leo's wallet, dog tags, comic book, and a crossword puzzle he had started working on before he left the States.

Please turn to page 35

Very Cool for May!



fabrics of the future

● One of the newest trends in world peacetime planning is towards imaginative modern designs for all types of fabrics . . . Designers of all countries are vying with each other to produce lovely printed materials.



● Some of the fabrics we can expect will be sunproof and shrinkproof, and many will be printed on both sides of the material.

● In England, many artists now are trying their skill at fabric designing. Famous photographer Cecil Beaton has an army of eager clients waiting for the fabrics which he is preparing. Artist Felix Topolski now is designing dashing fabrics, which may be used for future furnishings or given pride of place in a 1946 wardrobe.

● Examples of British design are seen in the first four pictures on this page.



1. From a London designer comes this quaint woollen fabric called "Masks." Sombre masks hooded in red at a wind-swept angle are unusual enough for any modern.

2. Cecil Beaton had harvest gathering in mind, if not in color, when he created this simple rural design for a heavy curtain velour printed on both sides.

3. Cotton fabric by Topolski, and suitable for dress or furnishings, is joyously fantastic and excitingly new.

4. Dick Turpin, complete with horse and pistol, will always interest any child. Designed in London for cottons, the material can be used for youthful frocks and for nursery curtains.



GAY DESIGNS

by Australian artist

● Geoffrey Turton, *The Australian Women's Weekly* artist, presents some delightful original ideas for all types of material in these four sketches.

5. No Australian would pass by this Turton design in any world salon. For a postwar home, bandit Ned Kelly would make an amusing background for sun-room or porch chair-coverings.

6. Plump yellow-and-black fish swim happily in this suggestion for an Australian fabric. In cotton it would be grand for beach wear.

7. Gum-nuts in shades of pink and orange are another idea for cotton fabrics. The design would give sunny charm to any room, especially one with a limited view.

8. Yachts and ferries skimming across Sydney Harbor under the bridge would be fun for frocks or fabrics, and as cool as a southerly in midsummer.



OUR COVER DESIGN

● Fabrics from Soviet Russia, supplied to our London office by the Soviet Trade Delegation, were used in our cover design for this week. They show lively designs in cottons, rayon, and flannel.

● The prettily printed blouse and skirt worn by the model were made from material traced ready for cutting in all sizes. Similar patterns have been available to Russian women for the last ten years, and could be followed by women with the most limited knowledge of dressmaking.

"Imagine! Their linens lasted through 2 Great Wars!" says

Aunt Jenny



BLESS MY SOUL! AREN'T THOSE THE SHEETS I GAVE YOU LONG AGO?

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Betty Draper, of Leneva, Vic., writes: "My mother has sheets which my Grandmother had before the First Great War and, believe me, some are in good use yet and Mum has washed with Velvet Soap for years" (from actual letter on our files). Isn't this proof that Velvet makes linens last far longer? With Velvet's extra-soapy suds even ground-in grime comes away with just a light finger rub. And since there's no hard rubbing, everything stays like new year after year.



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PADDLE BROS.
HAVE MADE
GOOD CHILDREN'S SHOES
SINCE 1894

Week - End

Continued from page 5

FOR a while, the General was silent, his eyes seeming to search our faces in turn, then he went on, "In those days I was young and strong, and Tanta Francina was a slip of a girl with only the makings of a fine woman in her. She had her first son in her arms—Herman, who was killed when he was seventeen, in France. And I had at that time a Zulu boy called Prantz. He was the best boy I have ever had. The bravest, the most faithful. Prantz was a man. A black man. I hope I make myself clear," he said.

"At that time, as you know, we Boers had nothing. Our cattle were gone. Our farms were burnt. But I was lucky. Before the war I had some gold, a little bag of sovereigns which I had buried, and with this money I was able to buy a little stock. A few working oxen, a few cows, a bull, some mares and, finally, a horse. A big chestnut stallion that I called Rooiland. I got him cheap because he was a killer. He had killed two men. When you went in to him he would come for you like a lion, with his mouth open, screaming with anger.

"I broke him with a leg of a roast sheep that Francina cooked in an ant heap near the kraal. When he charged me I put the hot meat into his mouth for him to savage."

The General was looking over my head at the blank whitewashed wall. He was back in the past, living it over again.

"It happened here," he said, "at Sterkfontein. It was my father's farm. On it I was born and on it I will die. The war was over, and in it I had made some reputation for so young a man. I was a General. I led a commando from the Rustenburg. There were some exploits of which men still speak, about one of which they made a song that is sung at the campfires."

He seemed to grow younger as he spoke. From thinking of the past he had gone into it. I saw the young Boer General sitting by the fire cooking meat, spitted on a ramrod or a bayonet. I saw him in the saddle, riding with one spur, as so many Boers do. I finally saw him and his young wife beginning again with nothing but their land, their love for each other, their little bag of gold, and a Zulu servant who would not leave his master.

The room was silent. All of us were lost in the past. Celia was crying softly. The General seemed stuck. There were too many memories for him. Too many dead friends, too many yesterdays.

The silence was broken by Tanta Francina saying, "Smoke, Jannie. To talk, a man must smoke."

The General filled his pipe carefully and lit it, and still he did not speak. He seemed to be listening to something. So I listened too. The dining-room was at the back of the house near the kitchen. I could hear the boys talking in the kitchen, and then I thought I heard the stamp of hoofs and the rattling of a bit or a stirrup-iron.

It must be my imagination, I thought. The General's stories had me thinking of horses. As I decided this, he started again.

"One day I told Prantz to saddle Rooiland. I had always done it myself before, but I thought he was mak—tame," he corrected himself. "A few minutes later, I heard him shouting 'Baas, Baas,' and the stallion screamed. I ran out to the kraal with a whip in my hand. Rooiland was holding Prantz in his teeth and shaking him like a dog shakes a rat. He had him by the back. I saw all this from the gate, and then suddenly I was afraid. I could not go in.

"Ja," he said, "I could not move. My feet were lead, my knees trembling."

He wiped his face with a big red cotton handkerchief. "I have often thought of it since," he said. "Thought of the reason, and there is none that I can find except that in any contest between a man and a great beast—a lion, a stallion, a bull, or even a savage dog—there is a weighing up of forces, and the one who at that moment has the greatest force dominates the other. Perhaps I had used up my forces

in the war that was just over or perhaps I only try to justify myself—perhaps I was just a coward.

"Anyway, I stood there trembling, and the great horse continued to shake my boy. He was crying out and the stallion was shrieling. And then Francina came running with Herman in her arms. In one hand she carried the axe that always stood by the door of the roundel for splitting wood. She was a little thing then, nineteen years old. But she was strong as straight as an assegaai, as supple as a whistock.

"She put Herman down at my feet, climbed the gate into the kraal, and hit Rooiland between the ears with her axe. He dropped Prantz and reared up. The blood ran down his blaze, his white feet pawed the air above her, but she never moved. She stood under him with her axe raised again. She had straddled Prantz and was waiting for the horse to attack.

"And still I could not move. Herman was crying loudly at my feet, but she never turned her head. And then, as suddenly as it had come, my fear left me. I jumped into the kraal with my whip, and hit Rooiland. Then he became afraid and ran from me back into the stable. I ran straight after him and Francina after me. When he was in, I shut the door and came back to Prantz. I picked him up and brought him into the house. One of his legs was broken; it dragged as I carried him. Francina picked up the baby, and that was the end."

The General touched the scar on his face. "That is how I came by this," he said. "As I got Rooiland into the stable, he let out at me and just missed. He only cut the skin of my face with his hoof."

The General knocked out his pipe and reloaded it.

No one said anything. What was there to say?

And then he began again. "Perhaps now you understand why I asked you all here with Celia? To tell you this story of my life, and to tell you of Francina, who was a woman, and not a pretty doll. What does it matter what people say? Do you think no one knew what I had done? There is a lesson in this for all men—that a man and a woman are partners, that they stand together, that the one is strong one day, and another day the other."

He turned to Celia suddenly. "Do you know where your husband is?" he asked.

"No, I don't," she said. "If you knew, would you go to him?"

"Yes, I would go."

"Well, I know," he said. "He is at Doornkloof with my friend Swart Stoffel Marais. He is there waiting for you. It is moonlight and the horses are at the door. You will ride Witbooi over the mountains, and Prantz will guide you."

He got up and threw open the door. There in the moonlight was the big horse, saddled and bridled, and a second horse—a bay with black points. Between them, holding their heads, was the old Kaffir with a twisted leg that I had often noticed about the farm. So that was Prantz.

Without saying anything, Celia went out. She was like a girl in a dream. She took up the reins and mounted. Her dinner dress was gathered up in front of her. Her long, bare legs looked very white against the dark saddle.

Prantz was still at the horses' heads. Once she was settled, he mounted the bay. Celia lifted Witbooi into a rear as she drove her heels into his flanks and swung at full gallop toward the mountains. Prantz galloped off a couple of lengths behind her, and we stood listening to the hoofbeats growing fainter as they faded into the night of Africa. And then suddenly we were all very happy.

Something that had been had had been made good—a week-end and two lives had been saved by a General's plan. But when we looked for them both, the General and Tanta Francina had disappeared. Margery said they had gone toward the stables and the kraal.

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Priced for the Thrifty



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Fashions turn back seventy years...

After designing Ingrid Bergman's frocks for Warners' film "Saratoga Trunk," fashion expert Leah Rhodes was inspired to adapt them for modern wear. Her sketches were air-mailed to The Australian Women's Weekly.



Bracelet-length sleeves and a prim muslin-lined peplum on finely checked alpaca would suit a modern miss as well as it did a beauty in 1870.



Grandma's bustle comes to light for a dashing 1946 black silk model. A tiny waist is accented by the broad velvet-edged collar, and choker pearls are the sole color contrast.



Sixty years ago a frock like this also was new. The fitted plain tight bodice with low-cut neck is contrasted by tiny puff sleeves and sweeping skirt.



Patterned silk (above) in the 1946 version of an 1870 afternoon frock. Broad shoulders and tiny frilled sleeves are the features.

Heavy guipure lace set as a quaint hip yoke and cuffs on pin-spotted sheer highlight to-day's idea of 1870 afternoon elegance.



This off-the-shoulder striped taffeta with ruffled frill and tiny velvet bows is to-day's version of ballroom splendor two generations ago.

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DINNER AT SCHOOL

By M. D. CARRICK

HAVE you ever asked a child what it wished for most? No one knew my dearest wish simply because no one had ever asked. What I wanted most was to have my dinner at school.

I was five, pale, timid, and rather delicate, when I started school, and my elder sister, Carol, who was in the seventh grade, accorded me the protection necessary among 500 children.

We "little ones" were dismissed at midday, half an hour before the other grades, so I used to wait behind the tank for Carol.

My infant sweetheart, Rupert, used to eat his dinner behind the tank, and he introduced me to fish paste.



"I wanted sandwiches," I cried wildly.

and thus awakened my desire for dinner at school.

I'll never forget my first taste of white crust, farm butter, and fish paste. My mouth watered. I sank all my pride, and offered Rupert a bunch of violets from our garden if he would give me more.

At home I had to endure much teasing, for one day Carol had caught me paying Rupert with a kiss for his dinner.

In return I administered sly kicks to Carol's shins or any other part of her anatomy which presented a suitable target.

After Carol left school I had to fend for myself, and soon grew stronger after a few spirited brawls.

As I progressed from the lower school to Grade 4, my love for Rupert and his fish paste waned. I had a new love—tomato sandwiches—and an even stronger desire to take my dinner to school.

It all happened when Harry, the bad boy of the school, hid Len's dinner behind the rubbish bin and I tripped over it. A shower of tomato sandwiches cascaded to the ground, and I gazed in anguish at their glory besmirched by sand.

Len stroled up. "I don't care," he asserted carelessly. "I'm sick of tomatoes, and I've got a shilling, so I'll buy my own things to-day."

Tremblingly I asked if I could have the good ones. Len consented graciously, and I retired to dispose of the salvage.

That night at the tea table everyone was happy.

Dad had received a rise, Ivy had become engaged, and Jim had a new job. I judged this a fit time to put in my request.

"Please may I have my dinner at school to-morrow?" I asked.

"Dinner at school!" Mother looked scandalised. "Of course not! You



"I lifted out two chicken legs, two sticks of celery, jars of soup and red jelly—but no sandwiches..."

should be thankful you live close enough to come home to a good, hot meal. Don't ask such a thing again, Jane."

By the time I reached Grade 6 my desire was still unfulfilled.

To make matters worse each afternoon when I returned to school, June, my bosom friend, would be with Kath, my rival for head of the class.

They used to look at each other and smile knowingly, then say, "You don't know what we did during the dinner hour."

At last Sam, the milkman's son, enlightened me.

Sam grinned and whispered: "Them girls play knuckle-bones in the 'bowls'."

So that was it! The "bowls" were really the wooden benches on which the wash-bowls used to rest. Since iron troughs had been installed the "bowls" were no longer used, so the girls used to sit in the holes and play knuckle-bones on the spaces between.

It became essential for me to bring my dinner, or my prestige would be gone for ever.

Then came a heaven-sent opportunity. Mother went out for the day, and told Carol to take my dinner to school at midday.

I had visions of meat sandwiches, jam sandwiches, and sandwiches with tomato chutney.

When we were dismissed I rushed to my locker and took out a huge tin, which I carried reverently behind the tank. June and Kath came too, while several boys brought up the rear.

Disappointment

I OPENED the tin and lifted out a small glass jar of soup, two chicken legs wrapped in grease-proof paper, two sticks of celery, and a jar of red jelly, but no sandwiches. Tears of mortification pricked my eyelids.

I just sat still until June looked at me in surprise. "Aren't you going to eat it?"

"No!" I choked. "I wanted sandwiches."

"Sandwiches!" Everyone spoke at once. "You must be cuckoo." Then a shower of sandwiches fell upon me.

I thrust the tin at them and they fell on it like tigers.

I picked over a few of their sandwiches; but somehow I wasn't hungry, and even our game of knuckle-bones in the "bowls" could not soothe my wounded spirit.

That night Mother asked: "Did you have a nice dinner, dear?"

"Yes, thank you," I said primly.

"Did you thank Carol for bringing your dinner?" Mother said, sharply.

"No," I muttered.

"Jane, don't be rude!" Mother exclaimed.

I pushed back my chair. "I wanted sandwiches," I cried wildly. "I'm

sick of dinner off plates. You aren't fair," and I ran up to my room.

"Well!" I heard Mother gasp in horrified tones. "I don't understand Jane at all. We'll have to be firmer with her."

I passed my exam, and went on to High School. Here I spent five years still having my dinner at home for we lived even closer to this school. Finally I qualified as a teacher and boarded three miles from my first school.

"At last!" I exulted. "Dinner at school." But there was something wrong for I did not enjoy those dinners as I expected. In the summer flies, ants, wind and dust tormented me, and in winter I shivered and longed for a hot meal.

In vain I thought of all the dinners I had had at home during my childhood.

"Serve me right!" I confessed.

Last night little Jane, aged eight, came and sat on my knee before going to bed.

Then, "Mummy, will you be busy to-night?"

"No, dear."

A pause, then with seeming irrelevance, "Please could I have dinner at school to-morrow?"

So it had come at last! Well, I would make no mistake. There would be no disappointments this time. I began thinking of all the sandwich fillings I knew—minced raisins and nuts, ham and tomato, brain and walnut.

Jane was speaking reproachfully: "I don't think you are listening. I was saying that, if it is not too much trouble, I'd like—"

"Yes, dear," I broke in. "I know what you want. Now what filling would you like for your sandwiches?"

"Sandwiches!" Jane looked at me in horror and dismay.

"But Mummy, I could not take sandwiches to school. No one does these days. I was asking you for some soup, a leg off that fowl you roasted for tea, and some raspberry jelly."



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Lovely materials designed by famous artists



DESERT WARRIORS make an enchanting design by Feliks Topolski on material printed in London by Zika Ascher.



"OLD ENGLAND" is the theme for this design for a scarf by Topolski, printed by Zika Ascher on fine material



CATERPILLARS inspired this design by Henry Moore, which is also included in the Ascher print collection.

Collection coming to Australia

From MARY ST. CLAIRE of our London office.

A unique collection of the work of modern artists is on its way to Australia.

Feliks Topolski, Henry Moore, Cecil Beaton, and many famous modern French artists have contributed. But this is not a collection of oil or water-color paintings to be admired in a gallery.

THESE are works of art of vital interest to the fashion-conscious women of Australia; for they are printed on cottons, scarves, and luxury fabrics in the London workrooms of Zika Ascher.

They will brighten many a summer wardrobe next season. An exhibition of these materials will open at the New Studio, 25 Rowe Street, Sydney, early in March.

The collection will be taken to Australia by Miss Matilda Etches, one of London's leading designers of street and stage clothes.

It was Ascher's love of materials that first brought about his meeting with Miss Etches, who shares his delight in lovely fabrics.

"For years I've been collecting materials the way other people collect pictures and books," she told me. "Zika spent one whole afternoon gazing over my collection, and we have been friends ever since."

Demands accuracy

DURING the war, Miss Etches gave up her fashion designing and concentrated on stage and screen clothes.

Dark, striking-looking, with classical features, Matilda Etches has a wonderful personality.

She is quite fanatical about accuracy in period costumes, and checks all styles carefully in her collection of rare 19th-century illustrated books.

Even if a style is not particularly becoming, she insists on detailed accuracy. If it is an 1870 costume Miss Etches' design will be genuine, not 1865, or 1875, or 1870 with a bit of 1946.

Determined to have complete peace and quiet, Miss Etches has neither telephone nor a wireless in her charming flat in Buckingham Palace Gardens.

This does not mean she is a hermit, for she is very hospitable and loves to give parties.

She is London's only smart designer to have workrooms in Soho. But she likes that romantic locality.

The rooms are decorated to her own design in flat-white, with coral organoid chair covers.

Organdie was the only material she could get in wartime, but it seems to be wearing well.

Staff shortage during the war made Miss Etches do all sorts of jobs usually left to the youngest apprentice, such as buying books and

eyes and matching sewing cottons. She even had to scrub her own floors.

Because of her unusual touch with drapery Miss Etches is greatly in demand by well-known artists such as Cecil Beaton to interpret their designs, particularly in costume pieces.

She made all Vivien Leigh's dresses in "Caesar and Cleopatra" from Oliver Messel's designs and Zena

Fabric conscious

IN the postwar world women everywhere are becoming fabric-conscious.

In this issue we present reproductions of fabrics designed in England, Russia, and Australia.

The Russian fabrics form our striking cover, and British and Australian designs are featured in color on page 11. On this page we present more designs from Britain.

Dare's dresses, from Cecil Beaton's designs, for Ivor Novello's musical romance, "Perchance to Dream."

Recently she designed and made the dresses for Ann Todd and other actors in "Gaiety George," a film of the life of George Edwardes, of "Gaiety Girl" fame.

She had great trouble with them because the Board of Trade allocation of coupons hardly covered half the material required.

A newspaper article mentioned she was searching for dresses of the period, and immediately from all over the country people sent their grandmothers' gowns, and Miss Etches' staff unpicked and remade them.

She feels the work she has done on such films will give new life to her modern clothes.

As a designer of modern frocks, Miss Etches is full of enthusiasm for Ascher's lovely prints.

In fact, in her Australian wardrobe, which she designed herself, there are several frocks made from Ascher's materials, including one intriguing Topolski "barbed wire" design, on a white background, an ideal summer frock for the Australian climate.

"I am particularly glad to have the opportunity to spend this time in Australia," she said, "because, although the ideas for clothes come from the Old World, I feel that vitality of expression belongs to the new."

In the past four years, Ascher's



MATILDA ETCHES, famous London dress-designer, who will bring to Australia lovely materials printed by Zika Ascher.

prints have become famous in London.

As with most of England's luxuries to-day, the majority of the materials are for export only, but some of his scarves can be obtained in England, and Motynaux has used them most effectively to make up into blouses.

Slip, dark, gentle, Zika Ascher is a Czech who with his wife came to England before the war, and was invalided out of the Army in Britain in 1941.

Technique varies

DESIGNS for his first collection of textiles were made by Mrs. Ascher. Then he obtained the collaboration of a number of leading contemporary artists to execute designs for fabrics.

Cecil Beaton and Feliks Topolski design materials exclusively for Ascher.

Extensive research has been necessary to obtain a faithful reproduction of the artists' work. Methods of printing have to be varied to conform to the artists' technique.

Henry Moore, for instance, uses a greasy crayon, while Feliks Topolski draws in pen and ink. Generally speaking, a fine line-

drawing is reproduced by hand-block printing, and screen printing is used for wash drawing.

Ascher's special genius lies in his unerring choice of fabrics and colorings to suit the designs.

"Different colors can change the entire aspect of a design," he says, "and in transferring an artist's sketch to material the choice of fabric is all-important. For instance, Topolski's fine line-drawing would be completely lost on a coarse fabric."

Rather than losing anything from this unusual method of reproduction, many of the designs seem to gain life and vitality from the fabric on which they are printed.

Sketches of English and Scottish characters—"Scottish Lairds," "Old England," and "Scottish Officers," by Topolski—make delightful scarves.

Cecil Beaton's reminiscences of his recent Eastern tour are material for many designs.

The movements of the wearer give life to Henry Moore's gay fantasia.

The charming prints, which are the result of perfect team work between artists in design and an artist of materials and colors, should delight any woman who has the chance to wear them.

Russia's colored cottons

The Soviet Union, third biggest producer in the world of raw cotton, has taken the growing of colored cotton beyond the experimental stages.

It is now grown in dark green, rose, and lemon, in addition to the original brown and green.

THE colors cannot fade. Largest State cotton farm in the U.S.S.R. is "Pakhta Aral," meaning cotton island, which for centuries was called "hungry steppe."

This waterless waste now flourishes criss-crossed by irrigation canals.

These colored cottons are being used extensively in making the first peacetime Russian fabrics.

The great Grehgarka textile mills near Moscow are again turning out cottons, rayons, silks, in a bid to capture some of the world's markets.

These are the mills which for years have been making only fabrics for army uniforms, in response to Stalin's historic appeal, calling on the people to give everything in the cause of victory over a super-enemy.

The needs of Russian women come first, and until everyone has summer dresses, replacing the shabby clothes they wore during the war years, not one thread of Russian manufacture will leave the country.

For this reason artists have employed motifs, designs, and colors appropriate for Russian women.

With their love of gay colors, bold hues have been mixed and traditional patterns followed.

Some of their compositions, however, reflect modern themes.

"Salute Glory" and "U.S.S.R. National Anthem" are two of the newer designs. Two of the Soviet's best-known artists worked together on the theme "16 Soviet Republics."

Samples of material leaving Russia are not yet of the quality the Soviet hopes to achieve.

Quality has had to be sacrificed to quantity, so urgent is the need of Russian women, starved for over four years of any kind of finery.

But once the wheels of industry are in full motion Russia hopes to see her goods on the world market.

Moscow Society of Soviet Artists has a section devoted to applied decorative art.

Most of the 60 members are women and they are working hard on designs for women's and children's clothes.

Bright and impressive patterns were shown at a recent exhibition in Moscow, their inspiration being national ornamental motifs and folklore art.

Lovely Skin's Important

says **JOAN BENNETT**

20th Century Fox star in
"Colonel Easingham's Road."

You want skin that's blossom fresh, lovely to look at. Here in Hollywood we use LUX TOILET SOAP. A simple, easy care, but it really works

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I use LUX TOILET SOAP for my daily bath, too. It leaves skin fresh, smooth

The Bath and Complexion Care of 9 out of every 10 Hollywood stars

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when you're a

LUX CHANGE DAILY GIRL



44-304-J

Students in ruined Europe besiege University

Australian UNRRA worker finds hostels for homeless undergrads

When the war ended Germany was full of people who had been taken from their homes in other countries in Europe. These refugees are officially known as displaced persons.

On this page an Australian UNRRA worker, Miss

Jess Aland, in a letter to her aunt in Sydney, tells of the work among them in Heidelberg.

From JESS ALAND, an Australian member of UNRRA

SOME weeks ago UNRRA offered assistance to medical students wishing to finish their University studies.

These students had to be proved displaced persons worthy of help.

I'll never forget some of the days at the office when I'd stand surrounded by young people all chattering in a foreign language. There were Poles, Czechs, Latvians, Lithuanians, Estonians, and German Jews.

Really it was pathetic. Some of these young people had travelled unbelievable distances without money or warm clothing, hitchhiking or walking, just to ask for the chance to study at a University.

There was Jakob, a Jew who came over 250 miles and had nowhere at all to sleep in Heidelberg and nothing to eat. He wasn't worried, he said, just as long as he might present his case to the University.

Jakob later became my "Favorite D.P." (displaced person), as he spoke fairly good English.

Then there was a lovely young girl named Milena, a Czech, who had been nursing in a D.P. camp. I made a special effort on her behalf, as her qualifications were very high.

The day she heard she had been accepted she waited at the top of the stairs for me and flung her arms round my neck, saying, "Oh! thank you, thank you, now I have the chance to study."

Jastina was another. He lived ten miles out of Heidelberg and had to be notified to apply to the University with his papers.



JESS ALAND, a Queensland, formerly worked in the Commonwealth Bank, Sydney.

I was told to post the letter to him, but having no faith in the German Postal Service I pored over maps of the city and made a perfect nuisance of myself round the office trying to get someone else to realise the urgency of the case.

Finally one kind Dutchman offered to devote his free afternoon to delivering the note personally. The day I saw Jastina's name appear on the list of successful applicants I felt specially pleased and told the Dutchman at once.

We needed a house for these students. As the District Welfare Officer was away I took it in hand, though it was not my responsibility. My job is secretary to the Chief Medical Officer, Colonel Brooke.

However, he released me temporarily. First of all came the selection of a suitable house. The Billeting Officer from Military Government and I climbed many stairs and counted many rooms round the city before



THE BEAUTIFUL city of Heidelberg as it was before the war. Its University is one of the most famous in Europe.



POLISH displaced persons getting their bread ration. UNRRA is doing much to help displaced persons in Germany.

I decided to take over a house owned by the University itself. It was the former "Students' Home for Foreign Students," at which wealthy men and women from all over the world used to live and study in grand comfort.

The house was originally a palace, and still retains some of its former grandeur—chandeliers, tapestries, satin wallpaper, sweeping staircases, and huge rooms.

Apart from six beds, chairs, and tables, it was unfurnished, so my next trip was with the Polish liaison officer and a Military Government officer to an empty hotel.

I counted beds and chairs, and marked what I wanted, but many other scroungers had been there before me, so this was just "a drop in the bucket," as we expected to house more than 100 students.

Next day I heard of the UNRRA camp closing out at Sieglbach, 40 miles away. I got a lift out there, and began my tour of inspection of the barracks, which only the day before had been vacated by 2000 Poles who had left for Poland.

They had been mostly uneducated types, and the night before they left had celebrated their departure by destroying everything possible. They slit open all mattresses, hucked at the wooden beds, and broke all window-panes.

As I ploughed round in the mud going from one barracks to another counting the iron beds, I thought of General Eisenhower's inspection a few weeks before, when everything had been cleaned up, all the buildings festooned with pine branches, and children had sung "God Bless America."

Having waded through scattered flour, muddy potatoes, and raw meat bones lying round the kitchen, I found in the cook's room a copy of "Gone With the Wind," in German. I sat down to laugh at this amusing touch, but the chair had lost a leg, so down I went!

Still, my scrounging at the camp was fairly successful, particularly with regard to the beds in the hospital, which had been untouched.

Two days later I arranged with the Army for three ten-ton trucks with drivers. I'll admit now that I had no idea just how large a ten-ton truck was and I got a fright when I saw the three of them.

I was hoisted up into the cab of the first truck and off we went. I was hoping to high heaven I'd be able to find the right village again. They all look so alike. Some have a few more geese than the others. Well, we made it and only I knew how lucky we were.

We had to load the junk and be back in Heidelberg before 4.30, as a truckload of P.O.W.s were to be at the house to unload.

I got back at 4.40, which was too late. They had gone.

Well, was I in a fix! A narrow street jammed with huge trucks blocking up traffic, and believe it or not, three students waiting to ask about accommodation!

The Military Police drove up and asked if I knew I was blocking the traffic. It was all terribly funny.

Some of the office staff, including Colonel Brooke, came to my assistance, and the unloading was completed by 6.30.

I interviewed German professors at the University and dined with military officers whom I dined with D.P. talk. I arranged for the mess of the D.P. students and went out again with the Billeting Officer in search of another house and got a beauty—Heidelberg College, across the river.

Handing over

COLONEL BROOKE by this time was missing me and demanded that I come back to his work, so a welfare worker and a Deputy-Director were borrowed from their respective teams to carry on.

I have just about severed my connection with the actual work and shall hand over the key to the front door to-morrow.

I know I'll feel a bit sad inside as I do so, for, although it has been tough going at times, there has always been the warm feeling that I was actually helping the D.P.'s.

Last night at 6.30 I said to Colonel Brooke that I thought it was time to go home, as I couldn't tell the difference between a list of Polish Students and a list of Medical Supplies.

He said he would hate to have the Casaca Sagrada enrolled at the Heidelberg University.

My friend, Milena, called at the office yesterday with a bunch of flowers for me.

I felt a dog taking them, knowing they had cost money, but she was so pleased to find I loved flowers and was giving me something for a change I was glad to take them.

When I pressed a cake of soap upon her the other day and promised her an old cardigan, the tears ran down her face and she smiled and showed her lovely dimples as she said: "But you are so kind, Miss Aland, I am used to having so little."

First trans-ocean air hostess

From our London office

The world's first trans-ocean air hostess is Miss Mary Guthrie, "Star Girl" on the new British South American Airlines' London to Buenos Aires route.

A FORMER Air Transport Command pilot, Miss Guthrie recently returned to England in "Starlight," the first aircraft to fly the route.

It set a record from Heath Row airport, just outside London, to Rio de Janeiro.

"Star Girls" is the name given the air hostesses because the names of the planes begin with "Star."

Miss Guthrie is thrilled with her job.

"I love flying, travelling, and meeting people," she said, "and this job combines the lot. As this was a proving flight, there was a lot of extra work to do, and with so many new places to see I haven't had much sleep, but I am looking forward to the next trip."

A Star Girl's life is not all glamour, however. She must be nurse, cook, general information bureau, a competent clerk, and a very charming woman. Miss Guthrie fulfils all these qualifications.

Five feet eight inches tall, 24 years old, slim, fair-haired, blue-eyed, with a most enviable tan—acquired by "swimming at every landing place"—she looks quite capable of dealing with any emergency, from an airsick passenger to a forced landing.

"Not that there was much danger of a forced landing on this trip," she said. "All the pilots of the

company are former 'Pathfinders.' Captain of the plane was Air Vice-Marshal Donald Bennett, C.B.E., D.S.O., C.B., an Australian who was instrumental in creating Pathfinder Force, and who commanded it during the war."

Air Vice-Marshal Bennett retired from the R.A.F. to become business manager of British South American Airlines, one of the three corporations that will be nationalised under the new British air policy.

He is most enthusiastic about employing women as air hostesses. "After all, it is particularly a woman's job," he said. "It's very much like a combination of housewife, mother, and secretary."

Waiting anxiously to greet Miss Guthrie was Miss Rita Barnes, who will be Star Girl on the next flight in "Star Dust." Miss Barnes flew with Miss Guthrie in Air Transport Command.

She is a few months younger than Miss Guthrie, not quite as tall, but with the same fair hair and blue eyes of the typical English girl.

Both girls had to take a special course in preparing frozen foods, as most of the supplies from England are frozen, and they are responsible for all meals for both passengers and crew.

"We both speak French and German," said Miss Guthrie, "but the languages we must work at are Spanish and Portuguese, since the airlines



MISS MARY GUTHRIE

require their Star Girls to be fluent conversationalists in both languages. "In fact, you need a lot of qualifications to be a Star Girl. The ideal age for the job is between 20 and 25, and physical fitness is essential. Girls must have nursing experience and business training. We deal with all the invoices and clerical work of the trip."

"They must be good cooks; they must speak the language of the countries through which they pass, and understand the different currencies; they must study a little international law, and the history and geography of the countries they fly across."

Next month the company is starting a school for Star Girls. There will eventually be twelve flying on this route.

Editorial

FEBRUARY 9, 1946

REBUILDING DARWIN

NEXT week Federal Cabinet will discuss a plan for rebuilding Darwin as a modern city.

It took a war to put Darwin on the map. Before that we were vaguely apologetic for the muddle of iron-roofed shanties which greeted air travellers from overseas.

Few of us even realised that the ugly township marred a lovely natural setting.

Now thousands of servicemen have assured us that Darwin, though sadly lacking in amenities, has the possibilities of a place where life could be pleasant.

To build a city along the lines of the plan to be submitted to Cabinet would cost millions.

But the day of closer settlement in the Northern Territory is coming.

Some kind of a city will grow where Darwin is, whether we design it or not.

In Australia we have examples of planned and unplanned cities.

In Sydney the citizens, by neglecting to plan, have done their best to ruin a fortunately unruinable position.

Melbourne, and Adelaide even more so, are shining examples of the value of planning.

Canberra has outgrown the stage where it was the butt of scoffers. Instead of making jokes about how hard it is to find one's way about, visitors are impressed mainly by the beauty of the elaborately planned Capital.

There is time to make a choice where Darwin is concerned—to profit by earlier mistakes. Not many countries in this crowded world have such an opportunity.

Lady Mackay discusses life in India

As wife of Australia's first High Commissioner in India, Lady Mackay was fully conscious of the big task confronting her when she set out to find and organise a staff of servants able to cope with official entertaining.

There were no employment agencies to help her, so she relied mainly on personal recommendation.

"It was all rather haphazard; but it worked out all right," said Lady Mackay, who is spending a short holiday in Australia.

"You just wake up one morning and find a bearded gentleman bowing at your back door. He has heard you want a bearer or a cook. And so gradually you get all your staff."

Lady Mackay laughs as she recalls her early housekeeping difficulties. It was quite a job organising everything so that guests could be entertained at a moment's notice; but she soon found her servants both co-operative and efficient.

"Not knowing the language was a great drawback," she said, "but I have gradually overcome that and now know enough to make myself understood."

"Indian money worried me, too. I still have to do some quick mental work, turning rupees into sterling and then into Australian money. And then I am horrified at how much everything is."

"Indian servants will never let themselves fall in anything they have been instructed to do. They always find a 'friend' to help them out."

"For one of our parties I had taught my cook to make ice-cream. During the day the refrigerator broke down; but the ice-cream appeared on the table."

"I found a 'friend' had lent me a hand-worked freezer. Goodness knows whose it was. And no doubt many of my things find their way to other houses, and come home again when they are finished with."

"As many of our Indian guests do not eat meat we have to provide a large choice of dishes. If we have lamb cutlets we also have vegetable cutlets on the menu, and so on."

"I have taught my cook many Australian recipes and they are very popular."

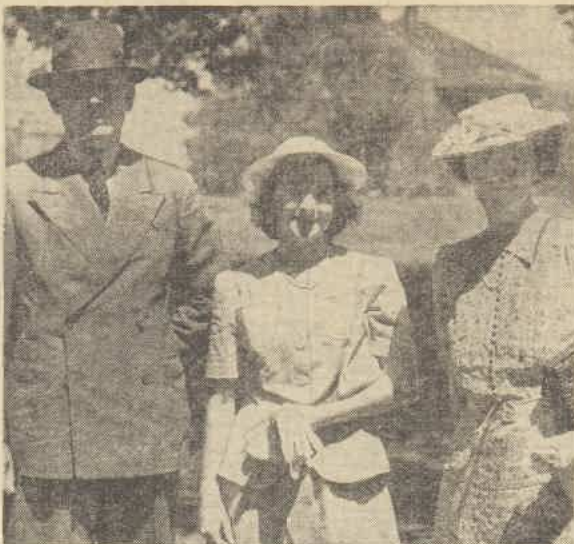
"We serve Australian wines, which cause much favorable comment. But there is another of our products our guests always enjoy."

"All the people I have met in India are vitally interested in everything Australian. I want to take back things made from Australian woods, and some Australian pictures."

"I have table mats with Australian pictures on them, and my guests have often been impressed with the size of the gum-trees in one of them, a Hans Hansen painting."

"Gums in India never grow to that size. Although they are tall, they are very spindly."

"One of the nicest parties we have



AUSTRALIAN High Commissioner in India, Sir Iven Mackay, and Lady Mackay, with their daughter Alison, who is enjoying her parents' visit to Australia.

had was on Christmas Eve, when all the Australian Service personnel in Delhi visited us. There were about 50, mostly R.A.A.F. men, and we served a huge curry.

"On Christmas Day we had all our own staff for dinner. That, too, was an all-Australian party."

Lady Mackay's first job in the routine of an Indian day is to open up her storeroom, where everything is locked, and hand out the food needed for the day.

Then she discusses menus with the cook, always working two days ahead, as she finds that is the best system.

"Next I hand out all the linen for the day. Table mats and napkins according to the number of guests expected; and sheets, towels and servants' uniforms."

Interest in emblem

"EVERYTHING has to be checked when it comes in and goes out."

The servants' uniforms sound attractive. They are all-white with white pugarees striped in gold and green, the colors always worn by Australian football and cricket teams. In addition the servants wear a sash of the same colors.

The car-driver has similar distinctive uniform, and on the car is the Australian coat-of-arms, which often arouses interest.

People of many nationalities stop to look at the emu and kangaroo; but most often it is an Australian, far from home, who sees the emblem with pleasure, and comes to talk with someone from his own country.

Sir Iven and Lady Mackay share the head-bearer, who is the most important member of their staff. As well as supervising the rest of the servants, his jobs are airing and making the beds, looking after and putting out clothes.

An assistant-bearer does this for guests.

The khitmagar and house-bearer look after the dining-room. The khitmagar cleans the silver and is head waiter at official luncheons and dinners, when there are usually

16 at table. There are at least two of these functions each month.

After her daily interview with the head gardener the flowers she requires. As well as growing these it is his job to arrange them.

"He is very quick to understand what is wanted. He has ideas of his own, but follows mine, too. I have taught him to arrange low float bowls and big mixed bowls."

"We use both Indian vases and some I took from here. They look well together."

"In my welcome-bowls, on the walls, the gardener arranges trails of antigonon beautifully."

"One of the favorite arrangements done by Indians is flowers lying flat on the table. I remember at one party we had fern massed in the centre of the table with red salvia in the middle and then long fronds of salvia were laid along the table to form symmetrical patterns."

"Housing in India was such an acute problem during the war that people were living in tents in Delhi."

"After living in several houses lent by rajahs to the Government, we are at last settled in a semi-permanent home. It is an Indian style house, built so that cross-currents of air give maximum coolness."

"It has large dining and drawing rooms, and five bedrooms."

"The garden is lovely, so quite often we serve meals out of doors. Luncheon outside is perfect on sunny days in the winter."

Lady Mackay has no secretary, so has to devote part of each day to checking up her engagements and dealing with mail.

One of her interests in Delhi is the Children's Aid Society. This organisation has a series of schools in different cities where children, many of them blind, are taught handicrafts so that they can make a living. Among the things they make are baskets of all kinds and deck-chairs.

A big function is held every year to raise funds for the society.

Interesting People



M. PAUL SPAAK

... first president UNO
ELECTED first president of United Nations General Assembly by members' secret ballot, M. Paul Spaak, Belgian Foreign Minister and leader of Belgian delegation, is presiding over Assembly's first conference in London. Barrister with brilliant legal mind, he is vigorous leader, noted orator. Was outstanding delegate at San Francisco Conference. Resembles Mr. Churchill in face and figure. Was Belgian Foreign Minister in Belgian Government-in-exile.



MISS DOROTHY SHAVER

... force in business
VITAL force in America's business world is Miss Dorothy Shaver. Authority on department store management, her innovations in merchandise display and advertising made trade history. She organised U.S.A.'s first women's fashion bureau, thereby opening many new careers for American women. Was recently appointed first woman head of Lord and Taylor, big New York store. During war was merchandise consultant to U.S. Army Quartermaster-General.



DR. K. E. BULLEN

... new chair of Maths.
LATEST honor for brilliant New Zealander Dr. Keith Bullen is appointment to Chair of Applied Mathematics recently established at Sydney University. Since 1940 has been senior lecturer in mathematics, Melbourne, and Ph.D., Cambridge, he held special lectureship at Hull University College during three years' study at Cambridge. His book on mathematical theory of seismology now being published by Cambridge University Press.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep.

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THURSDAY, February 7, can be a very important date for most people, though it is tricky. It can be excellent up till 11 a.m., but very adverse in the afternoon.

Aquarians, Geminians, and Librans are favored at present, with Sagittarians and Arians to a lesser degree.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

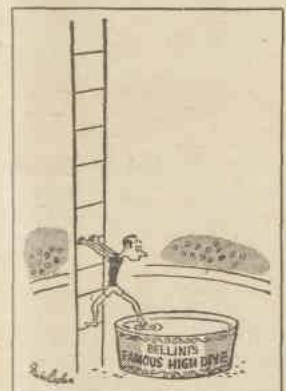
ARIES (March 21 to April 21): The week is slightly favorable. Feb. 6 (except from 3 p.m. to 6 p.m.) fair. Feb. 7 (to 11 a.m.) good; then very poor to 3 p.m.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Be very careful. Losses, troubles, and partings possible, especially on Feb. 6 (after 3 p.m.), 7, 8, and 9.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Excellent conditions now. Feb. 7 (to 11 a.m.) good. Feb. 10, 11 (after dusk), and 12 (to 9 a.m.) very good. Seek gains and promotions.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Keep to routine. Feb. 8 and 7 (except between 5 p.m. and 7 p.m.) poor.

LEO (July 23 to Aug. 24): Beware indiscretions and partings, especially on Feb. 6 (after 3 p.m.), 7 (to



midday), 8, 9, and 11. Avoid changes.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Feb. 5, 10, 11, and 12 (early) mildly difficult. Be discreet and patient.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Opportunities should come your way. Work hard. Feb. 10, 11 (after dusk), and 12 (to 8 a.m.) very good. Feb. 6 and 7 confusing.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Live quietly, especially on Feb. 6 (after 3 p.m.), 7 (round mid-day), 8, 9, and 11.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Feb. 6 (dusk) fair. Feb. 7 (to 11 a.m.) very good. Feb. 5, 10, 11, and 12 poor.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Feb. 8 (near sunset) fair. Feb. 9 (to 9 a.m.) good; then fair. Routine best.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Seek progress and gains. Feb. 7 (to 11 a.m.) very good; then poor to 2 p.m. Feb. 10 very good. Feb. 11 (9 a.m. to 2 p.m.) and 12 good.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Feb. 5 (to 7 a.m.) and 8 (near dusk) fair. Feb. 11 and 12 (early) difficult.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

YOUR COUPONS

TEA: 25 to 36. (On Feb. 19, 28 to 32 expire, and on Feb. 11, 37 to 40 become valid.)
SUGAR: 11 to 12. (Expire Feb. 10.)
BUTTER: 25 to 27 (to Feb. 10).
MEAT: Black, 55 to 62; red and green, 65, 67, 69, and 71 (to Feb. 10).
CLOTHES: Y1-66, 209-112.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant; are on a journey across the Sahara Desert when they see what appears to be a race by three people. Mandrake looks through his field glasses and realises a girl is trying to escape from two Arabs. One of them fires his gun

and brings down the camel being ridden by the girl.
BETTY GRAY: Who lies where she falls. As Mandrake and Lothar approach an Arab aims at them; but Mandrake makes the gun appear to turn to sand. The second Arab is about to shoot; but Lothar springs upon him. NOW READ ON.



TO BE CONTINUED

A LITTLE BOY HAS HIS FIRST HAIRCUT



"SURE my hair is long and sissy, but I like it that way. Is this democracy, or isn't it?" sobs Billy.



HEAD BOWED in grief, Billy muses on man's inhumanity to man and submits to the inevitable.



BUT NOT FOR LONG! The battle is on again, the protests loud—but the barber keeps on cutting.



"YOU CAN'T TRICK ME by saying clippers sound like an aeroplane. Get me out of this, somebody!"



DESPITE indignant protests, 15-months-old William George must have his first haircut.



"IT'S NO USE. I just haven't got a real pal. What has that barber done to me, anyway?"



"HMMMM! I'm pretty dashing in that mirror. Maybe there's something to these haircuts after all."



She got a medal

When Mrs. Florence Scott, supervisor of cleaners for the London Registry of Friendly Societies, was awarded the British Empire Medal ("for gallantry and distinguished conduct") she got such a shock she laughed. "I never thought anyone noticed me!" she said. But someone did notice that she stuck to her job of supervising the cleaning of hundreds of offices all through the blitzes; that she walked three miles when bombing halted buses; that she was never late. She is one of 615 women of Britain who were mentioned in the New Year Honors.

WORTH Reporting

LAST week we took part in an interesting experiment conducted by the Department of Development and Planning of the Australian National Airways.

It was a pleasant experiment in which to participate, for it meant eating a boxful of strawberries which had been picked in Hobart only a few hours before.

For the past few weeks now, A.N.A. have been air-freighting boxes of strawberries to all cities in Australia, including Cairns and Perth.

If the experiments prove that strawberries can be carried successfully by plane, it will mean that next season fresh-picked Tasmanian strawberries will be sold in all capital cities.

The strawberries are packed in special lightweight punnets.

Formerly the best of Tasmanian berries were preserved or made into jam.

The growers who have assisted A.N.A. in the tests are Mr. M. G. Smith, of Margate, Mr. Roy Stanton, of Allen's Rivulet, and the Gray brothers, of Ferntree.

Our strawberries came from the Grays' farm.

Voice from home

SYDNEY lad Todge Abrams, who was a wireless air-gunner with the R.A.A.F. overseas, and who has just returned to Australia, told us

Animal Antics



"That horae-fly must be near-sighted."

that he met a girl with a bad case of nostalgia.

He said he was walking along a street in Detroit, when suddenly there was a scamper of feet behind him.

He was somewhat surprised to feel two arms round him and a breathless voice saying:

"Oh, talk to me, please! Just say something."

It turned out that his "assailant" was an Australian girl who had married an American and was living in Detroit.

She explained that she had recognised the Australian uniform, and had chased him for two blocks.

"You can't imagine how I've been longing to hear an Australian voice," she told him, rather wistfully.

Practical Parisians

CURRENT Parisian fashions of woollen peplums, shoulder capes, shawl drapes, apron skirts, and hip-line drapery are designed for practical reasons as well as for smartness, cables our correspondent from wintry Paris.

These fashions make for extra warmth by giving two thicknesses of materials, particularly round the shoulders.

Ultra high collars and long sleeves for day and night wear are fashionable for the same reason.

RUBBISH TIP

Planes, surplus war materials, and hundreds of tons of potatoes are being dumped into the sea.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

I quote, you note, this lay from Mr. Gray.

Who at the time was doubtless unaware

That Neptune, modernised, would gaze to-day
Through perspex-windowed caverns on to glades

All strewn with spuds and soggy hand grenades.

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

THE five-year-old son of an acquaintance was given an illustrated copy of the Bible for Christmas. Carefully reading it one day, he looked up at his mother and said, "Mother, I don't think that hell is a nice word to have in the Bible, do you?"

Lipstick books

BOOKLETS of lipstick-removing tissue will soon be given away in American beauty parlors, cosmetic shops, and department stores, says a message from our New York office.

These booklets are similar to the ubiquitous book-matches, and the new idea has been evolved by one of the leading match companies.

Fourteen tissues will be packaged between the covers of each book.

Manufacturers think that the lipstick tissues will soon rival book matches as an advertising stunt. There are approximately 1,000,000 given away every hour in the United States.

New York Round-up

War widows beating girls to altar

Radioed by L. J. MILLER of our New York staff

War widows are beating single girls in the postwar marriage stakes, says Alvin Boyle in the "New York Mirror." In an article headed "They're in there hitching," and "War widows provide keen competition," Boyle uses evidence obtained from the Regional Office of War Veterans Administration.

THE Office of Administration reports a surprising number of widows of heroes are rebuilding their lives which were shattered by the war.

John W. Green, Office head, commented, "Seems easier for a war widow to get a husband than for a single girl."

He gave as reasons partly the fact that they are more experienced and better housekeepers, while still very young, and partly the fact that while pensions cease on remarriage insurance payments continue.

HERE'S a blow at a popular feminine superstition.

Theatrical critic Irving Hoffman scorns the use of a rabbit's foot as a talisman.

"Why," he writes in his column, "if a rabbit foot can protect anything why didn't it protect the rabbit?"

Another New York columnist

in reflective mood recalls that Queen Isabella of Spain was the only foreign sovereign ever portrayed on a United States coin.

Her bust once appeared on a dime. The columnist adds, "Lana Turner would need a half-dollar."

MRS. LEO ABRAMSON, who runs a haberdashery shop in Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn, has always complained that her social life was ruined because she was tied down to her sewing-machine.

Where V.C.s are made

EVERY Victoria Cross that has ever been awarded is made in a little jeweller's shop in the West End of London.

In a recent B.B.C. talk a speaker told of the Grimey shop. The V.C.s have been made by the same family since the Crimean War.

At first sight the Cross looks as though it would be simple to make, but there is perfect craftsmanship in its delicate design.

The medal is in the shape of a Maltese Cross, and the Royal Crown is embossed in the centre.

Non-suited

SHORTAGE of skilled workers in Australian textile factories will mean shortage of clothes for discharged servicemen.

Mr. Rupert Field, Official Representative of the Department of Shipping, told us that two million suits, including sport suits, and four million shirts will be needed within the next twelve months.

The industries most affected are the manufacture of worsted suitings and shirting, manufacture of the suits, and cotton textile manufactures.

Mr. Field explained that women prefer to work in factories making women's garments.

"Being women, they like making soft, colored materials into pretty frocks," he said.

A CABLE from our London office says that the residents of Lightwater, Surrey, are continually appealing to the Ministry of Health for a doctor to attend them.

Their own medical practitioner has been in the Air Force all the war, and no one was appointed to take his place.

However, during their doctorless period there has not been one death or serious illness.

WITH an abrupt change of tone, Anthony continued, "Not that I'm a sceptic. In fact, I am willing to admit that I believe in ghosts—have believed in them for the last few months—one ghost in particular."

"Really, and whose ghost is that?" "Rosemary Barton's. You can laugh if you like. I've not seen her, but I've felt her presence. For some reason or other, Rosemary, poor soul, can't stay dead."

"I could suggest a reason."

"Because she was murdered?" "To put it in another idiom, because she was bumped off. How about that, Mr. Tony Morelli?"

There was a silence. Then Anthony asked, "How did you find out?"

"You admit that you are Tony Morelli?"

"I shouldn't dream of wasting time by denying it. You've obviously cabled to America and got all the dope."

"And you admit that when Rosemary Barton discovered your identity, you threatened to bump her off unless she held her tongue?"

"I did everything I could think of to scare her into holding her tongue," agreed Tony pleasantly.

A strange feeling stole over Colonel Race. This interview was not going as it should. He stared at the figure in front of him, lounging back into its chair, and an odd sense of familiarity came to him.

"Shall I recapitulate what I know about you, Morelli?"

"It might be amusing."

"You were convicted in the States of attempted sabotage in the Ericson Aeroplane Works and were sentenced to a term of imprisonment. After serving your sentence, you came out and the authorities lost sight of you. You were next heard of in London, staying at a fashionable hotel and calling yourself Anthony Browne. You scraped acquaintance with Lord Dewsbury, and through him you met certain other prominent armaments manufacturers. You stayed in Lord Dewsbury's house, and by means of your position as his guest you were shown things which you ought never to have seen."

"It is a curious coincidence, Morelli, that a trail of unaccountable accidents and some very near escapes from disaster on a large scale followed very closely after your visits to various important works and factories."

"Coincidences," said Anthony, "are certainly extraordinary things."

"Finally, after another lapse in time, you reappeared in London and renewed your acquaintance with Iris Marle, making excuses not to visit her home, so that her family should not realise how intimate you were becoming. Finally, you tried to induce her to marry you secretly."

"You know," said Anthony, "it's really extraordinary the way you have found out all these things. I don't mean the armaments business. I mean my threats to Rosemary and the tender nothings I whispered to Iris. Surely those don't come within the province of M.I. Five?"

Race looked sharply at him. "You've a good deal to explain, Morelli."

"Not at all. Granted your facts are all correct, what of them? I've served my prison sentence. I've made some interesting friends. I've fallen in love with a very charming girl, and am naturally impatient to marry her."

"So impatient that you would prefer the wedding to take place before her family have the chance of finding out anything about your antecedents. Iris Marle is a very rich young woman. You may not realise—"

Anthony cut in with a laugh. "Oh! I can dot the i's and cross the t's. Rosemary Barton knew my criminal past, so I killed her. George Barton was growing suspicious of me, so I killed

Continued from page 7

him! Now I'm after Iris' money. It's all very agreeable and it hangs together nicely, but you haven't got a mite of proof."

Race looked at him attentively for some moments. Then he got up. "Everything I have said is true," he said. "And it's all wrong."

Anthony watched him narrowly. "What's wrong?"

"You're wrong." Race walked slowly up and down the room. "I hung together all right until I saw you, but now I've seen you, it won't do. You're not a crook. And if you're not a crook, you're one of our kind. I'm right, am I not?"

Anthony looked at him in silence while a smile slowly broadened on his face. He said, "It's funny how one knows one's own kind. That's why I've tried to avoid meeting you. I was afraid you'd spot me for what I am. It was important then that nobody should know—important up to yesterday. Now, thank goodness, the balloon's gone up. We've swept our gang into the net."

"I've been working on this assignment for three years. Frequenting certain meetings, agitating among workmen, getting myself the right reputation. Finally, it was fixed so that I pulled an important job and got sentenced. The business had to be genuine if I was to establish my bona fides."

"When I came out, things began to move. Little by little, I got farther into the centre of things—a great international net run from Central Europe. It was as their agent that I came to stay in London. I had orders from them to get at friendly terms with Lord Dewsbury—that was my lay, the social butterfly! I got to know Rosemary Barton in my character of attractive young man about town. Suddenly, to my horror, I found that she knew I had been in prison in America as Tony Morelli."

"I was terrified for her! The people I was working with would have had her killed without a moment's hesitation if they had thought she knew that. I did my best to scare her into keeping her mouth shut, but I wasn't very hopeful. Rosemary was born to be indiscreet. I thought the best thing I could do was to sheer off, and then I saw Iris coming down a staircase, and I swore that after my job was done I would come back and marry her."

"When the active part of my work was over, I turned up again and got into touch with Iris, but I kept aloof from the house and her people, for I knew they'd want to make inquiries about me, and I had to keep under cover for a bit longer. But I got worried about her. She looked ill and afraid, and George Barton seemed to be behaving in a very odd fashion. I urged her to come away and marry me. Well, she refused. Perhaps she was right. And then I was roped in for this party. You know the rest."

Race nodded. "And have you any idea at all who killed George—or Rosemary?"

"It must have been either the waiter or one of the five people round the table. I don't think it was the waiter. The best bet, in my opinion, is Ruth Lessing."

"Have you anything to support that belief?"

"No. She seems to me the most likely person, but I don't see in the least how she did it! In both tragedies she was so placed at the table that it would have been practically impossible for her to tamper with the champagne glass, and the more I think over what happened the other night, the more it seems to me impossible that George could have been poisoned—and yet he was!" Anthony paused.

"And there's another thing that gets me. Have you found out who wrote those anonymous letters that started him on the track?"

Race shook his head. "No. I thought I had, but I was wrong."

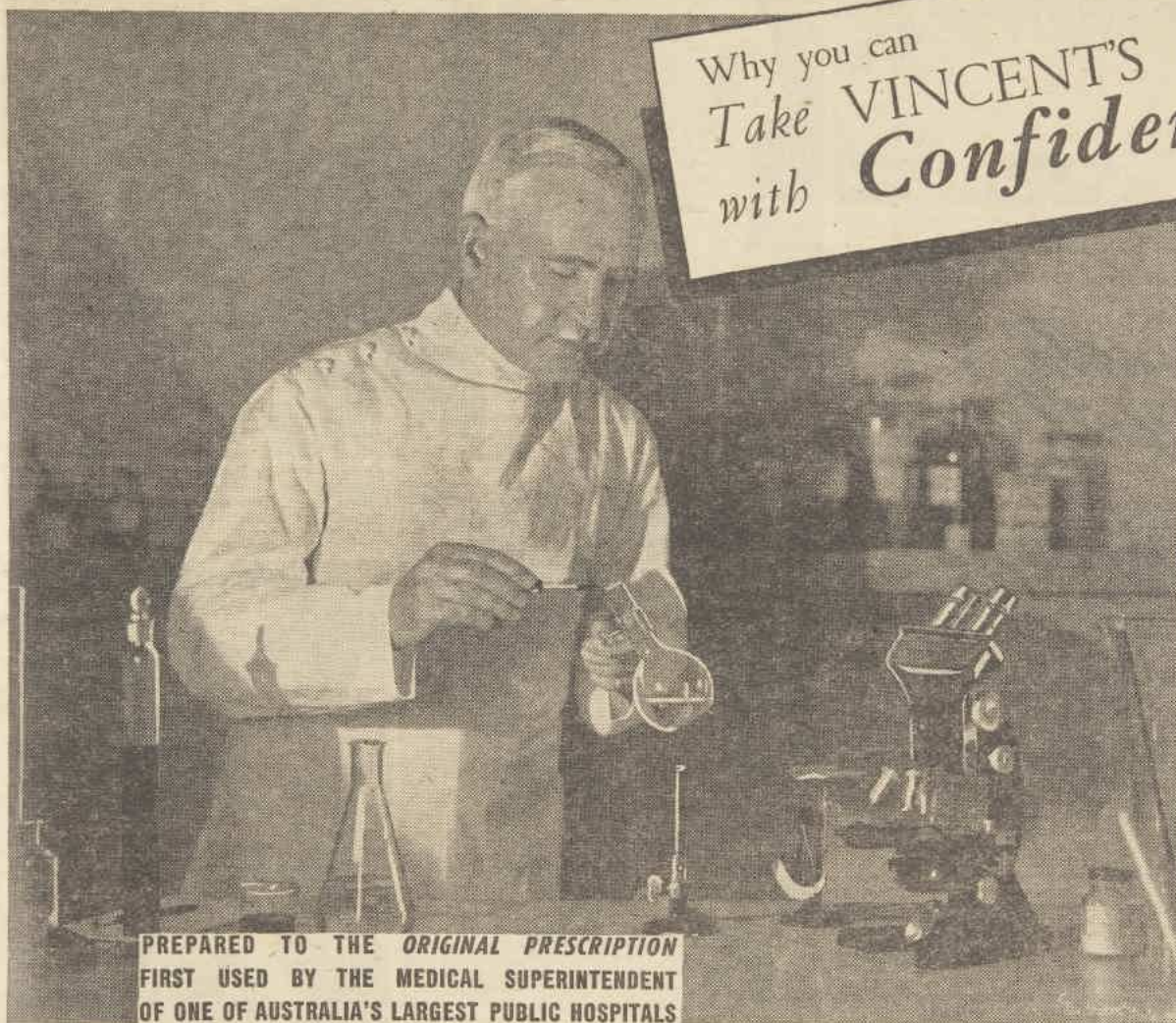
"Because the interesting thing is that it means that there is someone, somewhere, who knows that Rosemary was murdered, so that, unless you're careful, that person will be murdered next."

Please turn to page 27



"The strawberries will take two paces forward."

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VINCENT'S A.P.C. POWDERS AND TABLETS



PRE-WEDDING TEA. Margaret Newland (left), Betty Alexander, Betty Richards, Mrs. Graham Newland, Helen Thomson, Irene Gordon, Kath Gordon, and Pamela Forsyth at afternoon tea at Prince's when Irene Gordon entertains in honor of Helen Thomson, who marries Mick Alcock, at St. Martin's Church, Killara, on February 9.

Intimate Gossipings

PERFECT day for Victory 110th Anniversary Regatta, and as I climb up gangway of flagship, H.M.S. Anson, sunshine sparkles on dancing waves, making pretty picture as yachts skim over water.

Captain of the flagship, Captain F. S. ("Hookie") Bell, R. N., hero of the Exeter when she sank the Graf Spee, is charming host, and entertains at bucks' luncheon before the afternoon racing events.

Interested to learn that gun which is fired at start and finish of race had to be borrowed from Garden Island for occasion. Young lieutenant on board tells me that Anson's guns are hardly suitable for occasion as they are big enough to shell most of Sydney if put into action!

Only disappointment of day is voiced by members of crew who hoped to see "ladies walking along the decks in floating dresses and picture hats." But in our usual Australian manner most guests come arrayed in sports clothes. Lady Gifford, who chooses cool white suit, comes with Lord Gifford and their house guest, Miss Hazel Heale, from North Queensland.

WINNER of the big race of the day is Dr. Rupert Furber, whose yacht Thetis sails home to win the Alfred Milson Memorial Cup. Lining the rails of the Anson notice hon. secretary, Mr. R. H. Goddard, and his family, Mrs. Goddard, Helen, and Flight-Lieut. Keith Goddard, Elizabeth Moreshead, Elizabeth Rubett, and Janet Plowman are three pretty Sydney girls to watch the races from the flagship.

LOTS of "spit and polish" during Anson's last week in Sydney before she sails for Tasmania to pick up our Governor-General, the Duke of Gloucester, and his family, to bring them home after their holiday.

I AM enthralled with possibilities of "telling the truth" as a post-dinner parlor game after enjoying its devastating results in "Dangerous Corner," the J. B. Priestly thriller at the Minerva. Crowded first-night audience looks speculative, too, as it flies out after final curtain. Play is attractively dressed. Specially like chief "truth-teller" Neva Carr-Glyn's coral-red dinner frock, long and pencil-slim, with sequins flashing at the new shoulder-line and on short ash-ends which finish cleverly draped waist.

Notice Stella Wilson among audience. She comes with the Bowen Pains from Melbourne, Ramsay Pennycook, Barrie Shaw, and Mary Parry, sister of Dick Parry, who produces show. Stella tells me she is still waiting to set sail for Hongkong, where she will entertain R.N. personnel.

PLANNING celebration party in January, Corporal Grace Dopson, W.A.A.F., announces her engagement to Corporal Frank Stevens, R.A.A.F., of Claremont, W.A., on her birthday. Grace, who has been in W.A.A.F. for four years, is only child of Warrant-Officer C. W. Dopson, R.A.N., who is just back from Tokyo in H.M.A.S. Shropshire, and of Mrs. Dopson, of Marriekville.

Frank, who is only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Stevens, will bring solitaire diamond ring back with him when he returns to Sydney.



R.N. BRIDEGROOM. Lieut. Joel Simons, E.N.V.R., and his bride, formerly Anna Clark, leaving St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, after their marriage.



CHEERY CONGRATULATIONS for Chaplain John Barrie, R.A.N., and his bride, formerly Margaret Moore, when commanding officer, Balmoral Naval Depot, Captain Harry Houden, wishes them luck at reception in wardroom after marriage in chapel at Balmoral Naval Depot.



LETTERS FROM HOME for Rev. Christopher Martineau, R.N.V.R., and his bride, formerly Margaret Burkitt, who were married recently at St. Paul's, Burwood. Couple have flat at No. 7 Elizabeth Street until they leave for England.

IT'S a boy for the Tony Ricketsons, Mrs. Ricketson, who was Betty Alder, is at King George V Hospital with her six-pound baby son.

FUTURE home in Melbourne for Major Gordon Cooper, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Leah White, who married recently at All Saints', Woollahra.

MARCH 2 chosen by Valda Gordon for her wedding with Bill Strong at St. Philip's, Church Hill. Valda has chosen all-white ensemble for her wedding, and her bridesmaids, Dorothy Amy and sister Sadie Gordon, will also wear white.

RUN into Mrs. Barry Kerr in town doing a final spot of last-minute shopping before she flies with her husband to Tasmania. Their daughter, Mrs. Brian Gibson, lives at Sandy Bay, Hobart, and during their stay the Kerrs will live at Hadley's Hotel. Their granddaughter, Bettina, will celebrate her first birthday during her grandparents' visit, and I suspect many of the parcels with which Mrs. Kerr is laden when I meet her are birthday gifts for the babe. They will remain in Hobart for six weeks and will see the Hobart regatta before returning to their home in Vaucluse.

Another couple from Vaucluse to set off for Tasmania are Major and Mrs. J. P. Mandy, who leave shortly for a holiday in Hobart.

BRIDES brother, Selwyn Hardcastle, who was POW in Japan for three years, gives sister, Kathleen, away when she marries Sergeant Ken Wilson, ex-POW in Germany, at St. Clement's Church, Mosman.



TENNIS ENTHUSIASTS. Former Australian champion Joan Hartigan chats with Mrs. Harold McGregor at Memorial Drive Courts during Australian tennis championships in Adelaide. Mrs. McGregor, formerly Suzanne Scamps, came to Sydney recently for marriage of her sister Ginette to Brian Oxenham.

BEFORE he commences his first year as a medical student at Sydney University, Richard Mills, ex-A.I.F., marries attractive Howard Smith, only child of the Aubrey Smiths, of Randwick, at Central Baptist Church, George Street. Couple are now honeymooning at Narooma.

WEDDING plans being made by Joyce Cogle, who will marry Corporal Constable Johan C. Meeder, Royal Netherlands Navy, soon. Joyce is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Cogle, of Fivedock, and is a driver with the R.N.N. Johan is eldest son of late Mr. J. C. Meeder and Mrs. P. A. Meeder, of Amsterdam, Holland.

LETTER from Mrs. Reg Yates, formerly Denise Macgillycuddy, young Sydney artist, tells me that her young son Warwick Reginald Yates, or "Rick" as he is called, is to be christened at St. Michael's Church, Wollongong. Church is chosen because baby's great-grand - parents were married there.



INTERESTING WEDDING. Alfred Pick, official secretary to High Commissioner to Canada in Australia, and his bride, formerly Second-Officer Pat Ross, W.R.A.N.S., from H.M.A.S. Harman, after their wedding at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. Bridegroom leaves by aircraft carrier for South Africa, where his bride will join him later.



THREE-TIERED WEDDING CAKE. Lieut. Colin Jew, R.A.N.R., and his bride, formerly Margaret Johns, cut cake at reception at Pickwick Club. Nomi Rodd, bridegroom, bride, Lieut. Commander A. Farquhar-Smith, and flower girl, Jeanette Kinnane.

Demand for painless childbirth

WOMEN are continually complaining of the slow progress made by the medical profession towards easing the strain of painful childbirth.

Very little has been done to alleviate the suffering of mothers, except in a few big city hospitals; but women are to blame because of our own apathy.

I have been told by women of the older generation, who themselves have suffered at childbirth, that anything worthwhile has to be paid for.

That attitude is reminiscent of the Stone Age when women received a clubbing as part of their measure of love.

We should force the issue by taking the necessary steps to see that women in all parts of Australia are given the right of painless childbirth, as a necessity, not a luxury.

Women have fought for emancipation and equality of the sexes, but in this most vital issue we are shrinking from our duty.

41 to Mrs. N. Randall, 45 Keira Rd., Port Kembla, N.S.W.

What's on your mind?

No need to slam them

I HAVE seen several very nasty accidents caused by people banging car doors. The bangers did not suffer, but children remaining in the car, who had their fingers caught.

These people would not slam doors in their homes so roughly, so why not be more careful in the car?

5/- to Mrs. A. Forst, 146 Fletcher Rd., Largs Bay, S.A.

They need chimneys

I FAIL to see why passengers persist in smoking in non-smoking compartments on trains and trams. Plenty of seating accommodation is provided for smokers.



Chimneys could be provided at window seats for those who insist on smoking in the wrong places.

5/- to Miss Joyce Hurn, Ellalong, via Cessnock, N.S.W.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 200 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned. Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Retain identity discs

IDENTIFICATION discs worn by soldiers and civilians in danger zones proved a useful measure, and should be retained in peacetime for everyone.

In the event of an accident, or if children are lost, home addresses would be known with a minimum of delay.

5/- to W. Johnson, c/o Mrs. T. Tomlinson, Chapel St., Windsor, Qld.

Thanks from a sailor

THE thing that is on my mind is whether the people of this country are aware of the sincere appreciation of the men of the Royal Navy and Royal Naval Air Service for the hospitality extended to us during our stay here.

So that no one is in doubt of ignorance of the above fact, I would like the opportunity of saying, before we leave: Thank you, Australians!

5/- to R. Clegg, H.M.S. Nabford, R.N. Camp, Rocklea, Qld.

Tousled too

SO R. Almaide (19/1/46) could not buy a comb! Neither could I, nor quite a few other "frivolous females."

Nor could we get bobby-pins to keep our hair tidy, elastic to keep our undies in position, pegs, kettles that did not leak, to mention a few "feminine fripperies" unobtainable in wartime.

5/- to Jeanne Krause, 8 Sixth St., South Cessnock, N.S.W.

Pocket money can cause unhappiness

THE injudicious distribution of pocket money to young children causes an unhappy home atmosphere.

I know one family where one small boy receives 3d a week for getting the milk and his brother claims 6d weekly for sweeping the verandah. In a few years these boys will do nothing unless promised a reward.

In contrast is another family where the children help as a matter of course to set the table, wash-up, clear away.

They also receive pocket money; but never with the idea they are being paid for services rendered.

5/- to Mrs. L. Smith, Caulfield, Vic.

Save hard-worked nurses

HOSPITAL visitors could help overworked nurses if, instead of large bunches of flowers and big bags of fruit, they brought smaller quantities for patients.

Why not take less more often?

5/- to Miss A. England, 24 Bradshaw St., Woolloomoo, Qld.

One Year Later

Continued from page 24

FROM information received over the telephone, Anthony knew that Lucilla Drake was going out at five o'clock to drink a cup of tea with a dear old friend.

Anthony timed his own arrival at Elvation Square at precisely twenty-five minutes past five. It was Iris he wanted to see, not her aunt.

He was told by the parlormaid—a girl lacking the impudent polish of Betty Archdale—that Miss Iris had just come in and was in the study.

Anthony said with a smile, "Don't bother, I'll find my way," and went past her and along to the study door.

Iris spun round at his entrance with a nervous start. "Oh, it's you."

He came over to her swiftly. "What's the matter, darling?"

"Nothing," she paused, then said quickly. "Nothing. Only I was nearly run over. Oh, my own fault, I expect. I was thinking so hard and mooning across the road without looking, and the car came tearing round a corner and just missed me."

He gave her a gentle little shake. "You mustn't do that sort of thing, Iris. I'm worried about you. Oh, not about your miraculous escape from under the wheels of a car, but about the reason that lets you moon about in the midst of traffic. What is it, darling? There's something special, isn't there?"

She nodded. Her eyes, raised mournfully to his, were large and dark with fear. He recognised their message even before she said very low and quick, "I'm afraid."

Anthony took her in his arms. "What frightened you?" he asked gently.

"I don't think I want to tell you, Anthony."

"Now then, funny, don't be like the heroines of third-rate thrillers."

She gave a faint, pale smile. "I want to tell you, Anthony, but I don't know what you'd think. I don't know if you'd believe—it's nothing to laugh at. It's—it's about the other night."

"Yes?" His voice sharpened. Iris said, "You were at the inquest this morning. You heard the inspector describe finding a small paper packet under the table, containing traces of potassium cyanide."

Anthony looked interested. "Yes. Obviously, whoever slipped that stuff into George's glass just dropped the paper that had contained it under the table. Simplest thing to do. Couldn't risk having it found on him or her."

To his surprise, Iris began to tremble violently. "Oh, no, Anthony. Oh, no—it wasn't like that."

"What do you mean, darling? What do you know about it?"

Iris said, "I dropped that packet under the table."

He turned astonished eyes upon her.

"Listen, Anthony. You remember how George drank off that champagne and then it happened?"

He nodded. "It was awful—like a bad dream. Coming just when everything had seemed to be all right. I mean that, after the cabaret, when the lights went up, I felt so relieved. Because it was then, you know, that we found Rosemary dead, and somehow—I don't know why—I felt I'd see it all happen again. I felt she was there, dead, at the table."

"Darling."

"Oh, I know. It was just nerves. But anyway, there we were, and there was nothing awful, and suddenly it seemed the whole thing was really done with at last, and one could—I don't know how to explain it—begin again. And so I danced with George and really felt I was enjoying myself at last, and we came back to the table. And then George suddenly talked about Rosemary and asked us to drink to her memory, and then he died and all the nightmare had come back."

"I just felt paralysed, I think. I stood there, shaking. You came round to look at him, and I moved back a little, and the waiters came and someone asked for a doctor. And all the time I was standing there frozen. Then suddenly a big lump came in my throat and tears began to run down my cheeks, and I jerked open my bag to get my handkerchief. I just fumbled in it, not seeing properly, and got out my handkerchief, but there was something caught up inside the handkerchief—a folded stiff bit of white paper, like the kind you get powders in from the chemist."

"Only you see, Anthony, it hadn't been in my bag when I started from home. I hadn't had anything like that! I'd put the things in myself when the bag was quite empty—a powder compact, a lipstick, my handkerchief, my evening comb in its case, and a shilling and a couple of sixpences. Somebody had put that packet in my bag. They must have done so. And I remembered how they'd found a packet like that in Rosemary's bag after she died, and it had had cyanide in it."

"I was frightened. My fingers went limp and the packet fluttered down from the handkerchief under the table. I let it go. And I didn't say anything. I was too frightened. Somebody meant it to look as though I had killed George, and I didn't."

Anthony gave vent to a low and prolonged whistle. "And nobody saw you?"

Iris hesitated. "I'm not sure," she said slowly. "I believe Ruth noticed. But she was looking so dazed that I don't know whether she really noticed or if she was just staring at me blankly."

Anthony gave another whistle.

"This," he remarked, "is a pretty kettle of fish. It's got worse and worse. I've been so afraid they'd find out."

"Why weren't your fingerprints on it, I wonder? The first thing they'd do would be to fingerprint it."

"I suppose it was because I was holding it between the handkerchief."

Anthony nodded. "Yes, you had luck there."

"But who could have put it in my bag? I had my bag with me all the evening."

"That's not so impossible as you think. When you went to dance after the cabaret, you left your bag on the table. Somebody may have tampered with it then. And there are the women. Could you get up and give me an imitation of just how a woman behaves in the cloakroom? It's the sort of thing I wouldn't know. Do you congregate and chat,



"When are you going to get me a new dress? I've had this since the year one."

or do you drift off to different mirrors?"

Iris considered. "We all went to the same table—a great, long, glass-topped one. And we put our bags down and looked at our faces, you know."

"Actually, I don't. Go on."

"Ruth powdered her nose, and Sandra patted her hair and pushed a hairpin in, and I took off my fox cape and gave it to the woman, and then I saw I'd got some dirt on my hand—a smear of mud—and I went to the washbasins."

"Leaving your bag on the glass table?"

"Yes. And I washed my hands. Ruth was still fixing her face, I think, and Sandra went and gave

up her cloak, and then she went back to the glass, and Ruth came and washed her hands, and I went back to the table and just fixed my hair a little."

"So either of those two could have put something in your bag without your seeing?"

"Yes, but the packet was empty. So surely it must have been put in after George's champagne had been poisoned. Anyway, I can't believe either Ruth or Sandra would do such a thing."

"You think too highly of people. Sandra is the kind of Gothic creature who would have burned her enemies at the stake in the Middle Ages, and Ruth would make the most devastatingly practical poisoner that ever stepped this earth."

"If it was Ruth, why didn't she say she saw me drop it?"

"You have me there. If Ruth deliberately planted cyanide on you, she'd take jolly good care you didn't get rid of it. So it looks as though it wasn't Ruth. In fact the waiter is far and away the best bet. The waiter, the waiter! If only we had a strange waiter, a peculiar waiter, a waiter hired for that evening only. But instead we have Giuseppe and Pierre, and they just don't fit."

Iris sighed. "I'm glad I've told you. No one will ever know now, will they? Only you and I?"

Anthony looked at her with a rather embarrassed expression. "It's not going to be just like that, Iris. In fact, you're coming with me now in a taxi to Kemp. We can't keep this under our hats."

"Oh, no, Anthony! They'll think I killed George!"

"They'll certainly think so if they find out later that you sat tight and said nothing about all this! Your explanation will then sound extremely thin. If you volunteer it now, there's a likelihood of its being believed."

"Please, Anthony."

"Look here, Iris, you're in a tight place. But apart from anything else, there's such a thing as truth. You can't play safe and take care of your own skin when it's a question of justice."

"Oh, Anthony, must you be so grand?"

"That's what I say. 'Was a very shrewd blow! But all the same, we're going to Kemp! Now!'"

Unwillingly, she came with him out into the hall. Her coat was lying tossed on a chair, and he took it and held it out for her to put on.

There was both mud and fear in her eyes, but Anthony showed no sign of relenting. He said, "We'll pick up a taxi at the end of the square."

As they went toward the hall door, the bell was pressed and they heard it ringing in the basement below.

IRIS gave an exclamation. "I forgot. It's Ruth. She was coming here when she left the office to settle about the funeral arrangements. It's to be the day after to-morrow. I thought we could settle things better while Aunt Lucilla was out. She does confuse things so."

Anthony stepped forward and opened the door, forestalling the parlormaid.

Ruth was looking tired and rather dishevelled. She was carrying a large-sized attaché case.

"I'm sorry I'm late, but the tube was so terribly crowded to-night, and then I had to wait for three buses, and not a taxi in sight."

It was, thought Anthony, unlike the efficient Ruth to apologise. Another sign that George's death had succeeded in shattering that almost inhuman efficiency.

Iris said, "I can't come with you now, Anthony. Ruth and I must settle things."

Anthony said firmly, "I'm afraid this is more important. I'm awfully sorry, Miss Lessing, to drag Iris off like this, but it really is important."

Ruth said quickly, "That's quite all right, Mr. Browne. I can arrange everything with Mrs. Drake when she comes in." She smiled faintly. "I can really manage her quite well, you know."

"I'm sure that you could manage anyone, Miss Lessing," said Anthony Browne admiringly.

"Perhaps, Iris, if you can tell me any special points?"

"There aren't any. I suggested our arranging this together simply because Aunt Lucilla changes her mind about everything every two minutes, and I thought it would be rather hard on you. You've had so much to do. But I really don't care what sort of funeral it is. Aunt Lucilla likes funerals, but I hate them. You've got to bury people, but I hate making a fuss about it. It can't matter to the people themselves. They're got away from it all. The dead don't come back."

Ruth did not answer, and Iris repeated, with a strange, defiant insistence, "The dead don't come back."

"Come on," said Anthony, and pulled her out through the open door.

A creaking taxi was coming slowly along the square. Anthony hailed it and helped Iris in.

"Tell me, beautiful," he said after he had directed the driver to go to Scotland Yard, "who exactly did you feel was there in the hall when you found it so necessary to affirm that the dead are dead? Was it George or Rosemary?"

"Nobody! Nobody at all! I just hate funerals, I tell you."

Anthony sighed. "Definitely," he said, "I must be psychic!"

To be concluded



LOVELY BLONDE Patricia Knight, wife of Cornel Wilde, has decided to follow in her husband's footsteps with a film career, and has signed a contract with Fox after refusing many offers in the last two years.

Commercial interests for famous stars

By cable from CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood

With peacetime industries booming and reconversion getting under way, the glamorous heads of Hollywood are seething with ideas of how to invest their movie money in sound paying projects which will provide interesting hobbies too.

DOROTHY LAMOUR, who is a new mother, is interestedly following her husband, Major Ross Howard's, new venture, which is called the Aviation Manufacturing Corporation.

Dorothy said, "My husband and three of his Army buddies have started a business in which they are converting Army transports into passenger planes. They also intend starting a chartering service whereby they will fly studio companies to locations, and also an operating sales agency for private aircraft." Dorothy plans to take an active interest in the aeroplane plant.

Edgar Bergen recently invested in a pottery factory, where he turns out fascinating ceramics. His charming bride, Frances Westerman, told me, "I am enchanted with Edgar's ceramic drinking-glasses, which are shaped like a girl's figure. They are on exhibition at leading department stores already."

Betty Hutton and her husband, Ted Briskin, were looking over land at Santa Monica for establishing a plant for Ted's experiments with a new simplified sixteen-millimetre camera, which has been Ted's dream for years. Incidentally, Betty is living up to the tradition of a perfect wife. She cooked dinner for ten important guests all by herself, and she "even made the apple pie" on her maid's day off.

Svelte singer Ginny Simms flew to Palm Springs, carrying plans for her husband's real estate project to alleviate the housing shortage there, due to Army hospital personnel and their families. Ginny's husband is Hyatt Dehn, head of the U.S. Defence Housing Corporation, and he is carrying on the good work in peacetime.

Bonita Granville told me that she has redecorated her Beverly Hills



PARENTS of a month-old son, Dorothy Lamour and her husband, Major William Howard (right), intend to invest in an aviation plant to be managed by Major Howard.

beauty parlor in green and white, and intends to supervise it personally when she is not making pictures. Her mother supervises while Bonita is working.

ALEXANDER KNOX is planning his birthday party next week. It is to be a quiet dinner with his old friend Barry Fitzgerald. Knox just received the Critics' Award, which makes him their choice performer out of 481 film reviewers throughout the country.

Chosen by Laurence Olivier for leading role

By Airmail from our correspondent in London

To nine out of ten now famous film stars, memories of early days are full of patient, regular visits to agents, small part after small part, achieving little until the capricious hand of chance bestowed fame, if not fortune.

BUT nothing like that happened to slender, grey-eyed, brown-haired, smiling Renee Asherson.

Famous producer-director-star Laurence Olivier saw her while she was playing in her first West End show, "Lottie Dundas," at the Vaudeville.

"Will you come and be tested for the part of the French Princess Katharine in the film of 'Henry V'?" I am to produce the film and play the lead," he said.

Startled out of her wits—and still excited by her first West End appearance—she managed to stammer out "Oh, yes!"

And so, with a minimum of make-up, showing to full advantage the strong character in her face, wide grey eyes, and naturally beautiful mouth, Renee Asherson, as the demure, virginal, and lovely young French Princess Katharine, to Laurence Olivier's forceful, dynamic Henry, in the Two Cities film of "Henry V," aroused the enthusiasm of the critics with a performance which placed her in the top category of British screen actresses.

Of mixed British, German, Jewish, American family background, Renee was born in London on May 19, 1920.

She went to school at Gerrards Cross, and because she couldn't help acting everything, on every conceivable occasion, she was allowed to take extra lessons in dramatic art.

After she left school it was proposed that Renee should take a year's course at a Dramatic Art College, her father hoping that the would-be actress would grow out of a stage-struck period.

After her year's tuition, Renee went to Sir Barry Jackson's Birmingham Repertory Company, grad-

uating to the Old Vic in the Waterloo Road, where she played in "The Tempest" with John Gielgud.

From Puck in "Midsummer Night's Dream" Renee went into "The Mask of Virtue"—taking the original part played by Vivien Leigh.

It was after that, while appearing in her first West End show, "Lottie Dundas," at the Vaudeville in the Strand, that Laurence Olivier, searching for the ideal Princess Katharine in "Henry V," saw her. From among hundreds of others he decided that Renee was his choice for the important role of Katharine in the production of "Henry V."

Renee won her laurels—and in this, her first part in her first film, she will always be remembered for her dainty, fascinating freshness, so rare a quality on the screen.

A French accent was necessary. Renee knew "school" French, so a French Journalist was engaged to coach her. So well did she carry it off that at a critical Press showing she was applauded loudly when giving her demure answers to the eager, bluff Harry's proposal of marriage.

While playing Katharine, Renee also had a small part in that other



CHOSEN to play opposite Laurence Olivier in "Henry V." Renee Asherson previously had appeared only on the stage.

great film of Army life, "The Way Ahead."

Her newest picture is "The Way to the Stars," an Anatole de Grunwald production for Two Cities Films. Stars are Michael Redgrave, John Mills, Rosamund John, and Douglas Montgomery.

Critics and public alike are looking forward again to seeing Renee Asherson on the screen in her latest role.

Film Reviews

★★ DIAMOND HORSESHOE

ON all too familiar technicolor lines, Fox issues a glamor musical set round the famous New York night club, Betty Grable and Dick Haymes are co-starred as night-club singer and young doctor whose early ambitions to win a stage career cause opposition from his father. Miss Grable as Bonnie Collins is her usual photogenic self, and she puts over her various songs acceptably. Haymes shows an advance in acting technique in a rather ally part, but best acting is that of William Gaxton as Haymes' father.

There are the usual enormous lavish stage scenes and a dream sequence in which luxury furs have been used as if they were rabbit. Regent: showing.

★★ WATERLOO ROAD

SINCERITY of acting and direction lifts this GBD story of a middle-class London family to better than average ranking. Flashback technique hinders rather than helps the film. The familiar triangle theme set during the worst of the London blitz is brilliantly handled by John Mills as the soldier-husband, Joy Shelton as the lonely wife, and Stewart Granger as the stay-at-home would-be wife-stealer.

Most of the story deals with one day, when the soldier deserts after hearing that his wife is constantly attended by another man. Climax is a terrific fight while bombs rain down nearby. The whole film is a tribute to all concerned.—Embassy: showing.

★★ AND THEN THERE WERE NONE

WITH a fine cast headed by Academy Award winner Barry Fitzgerald, Fox releases an adaptation of Agatha Christie's thriller, "Ten Little Niggers." The result falls below expectation mainly because director Rene St. Clair has failed to keep the suspense taut enough.

Story tells of a group of people marooned on a lonely island off the English coast. Each has a grim past secret to hide, and like the nursery rhyme each meets sudden death until only two are left, Barry Fitzgerald as a ruthless judge is the outstanding figure, but he is well

supported by Walter Huston, Louis Hayward, Judith Anderson, Sir Aubrey Smith, June Duprez, Roland Young, and Mischa Auer.—Empire: showing.

★ GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS

TO Australian audiences the unending procession of musicals featuring famous American stage shows is becoming tiresome, and RKO does little to avoid boredom in its current release. Joan Davis and Jack Haley work hard to save a weak story, and Miss Davis puts over a couple of numbers with vim and vigor. A romance between Phillip Terry as director of "The Scandals" and Martha Holliday as the dancer star is unexciting. Settings are expensively large and Gene Krupa's orchestra is featured.—Mayfair: showing.

★ MURDER HE SAYS

PARAMOUNT sent Fred MacMurray nose diving into broad slapstick farce in this opus. With a hill billy setting and a bunch of people of "Tobacco Road" variety, the story is top heavy with crazy atmosphere. MacMurray is a public poll investigator sent to a hill billy district to get opinions on refrigeration. There he encounters the many Fleagle family who are engaged in a plot of their own to recover a hidden fortune. Marjorie Main as Ms Fleagle screams her way raucously through the film, and Helen Walker as a sane visiting relative provides the romantic angle for MacMurray, who finally emerges safely from all the mad shambles round him.—Capitol: showing.

★ THE FIGHTING GUARDSMAN

HERE is a rip-snorting adventure yarn of the days of French King Louis XVI. Columbia has given handsome giant William Parker his first starring role as a spashbacking aristocrat who turns bandit to help the oppressed French people. Parker acquires himself well and seems destined for future good roles. Lovely Anita Louise and equally lovely Janis Carter provide feminine interest, and there is a good performance from John Loder as an English banker.—Lyceum: showing.

News from the studios

By Cable from

VIOLA MACDONALD in Hollywood.

PARAMOUNT and **Metro** are competing to get their Atom Bomb stories on the screen.

Paramount say Ray Milland is starring in their story, which has been written for the screen by James Hilton, and has a fantasy ending similar to that in "The Lost Horizon." Ray plays the part of the last man in the world of the Atom depopulation.

METRO'S bomb story is titled "The Beginning of the End," and will star Clark Gable. Both studios are guarding their script secrets, but Metro announced that they will have scientists as technical advisers during the filming, ensuring the authenticity of bomb production scenes.

I HAD a glimpse of Lana Turner's all-white wardrobe which she has taken to South America on vacation. Her white evening gowns, playclothes, and white fox wrap are all copies from Lana's latest film, "The Postman Always Rings Twice."

ALAN MARSHALL'S friends are worrying about the handsome Australian's illness, which forced him to turn down the leading role opposite Joan Fontaine in RKO's "Cristobal Colan." Alan lost a good role while playing opposite Dorothy McGuire in "Enchanted Cottage," when a nervous breakdown took him from the cast and Robert Young took over the role. This time Gordon Oliver wins the part.



Movie World

● LAUREN BACALL, most publicised feminine star of 1945, and wife of Humphrey Bogart, started her career as a model for Harper's Bazaar. Known to all her friends by her real name of Betty, she confesses that she is not the fussy type in clothes,

and prefers plainly cut frocks and slacksuits. She never wears a hat, and all her jewellery is gold. Since her marriage she has become adept at sailing her husband's yachts and skiffs. Her newest film is Warners' "Confidential Agent," with Charles Boyer.

THIS YEAR...



if ever

it was necessary to save carefully and to spend wisely, it is now.

We are all planning for the future. To carry out those plans means expenditure of money and that money must first be accumulated.

True Thrift is not only the accumulation of money—it is just as much a matter of careful, useful spending, but obviously the saving must come first.

Open a Commonwealth Savings Account and use it faithfully. It costs nothing, but will help you to help yourself.

COMMONWEALTH SAVINGS BANK OF AUSTRALIA

There's a Branch or Agency in YOUR District

DE WITT'S PILLS A GREAT HELP FOR

Rheumatism

De Witt's Pills restore weak kidneys to healthy activity. Healthy kidneys will promptly clean out of your system poisons and impurities that cause Rheumatic pains.

Full directions with each bottle.



Of Chemists and Storekeepers everywhere: prices . . . 1/9, 3/-, 5/9.

DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

Out of this world



1 ALL-GIRL orchestra led by Betty (Diana Lynn) finds it difficult to obtain work in cabarets or radio.

Surprise song feature in gay comedy

PARAMOUNT'S amusing musical with a surprise feature stars Eddie Bracken, Diana Lynn, and Veronica Lake in a story of a girl's orchestra and a messenger-boy. The plot makes good-natured fun of crooners who succeed through swanning bobby-soxers. Bing Crosby's voice is cleverly used in several hilarious scenes to make it appear as though Eddie Bracken is the singer.



3 GOOD unexpected publicity makes Herbie and band famous and Betty signs him to go to New York with them.



5 IF HERBIE flops Betty can retain him, so she tries to make him speechless through catching cold deliberately.

LEARN
AT HOME
FOR
2/6
WEEKLY



It's Quick-easier under MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE with a Sampson home-study course for either:

- * STEEL GUITAR
- * Hill-billy Guitar
- * Banjo Mandolin
- * Piano Accordion
- * Saxophone
- * Clarinet
- * Ukulele
- * Mouth Organ
- * Accordion
- * Violin
- * Piano
- * Dancing

5000 have succeeded—why not you? Takes 3 Lessons to play first piece—10 Lessons a variety, and 20 Lessons any piece—doesn't matter where you live.

Instruments exclusive models available. Small payments to any part Australia—Freight paid. Free illustrated catalogue and descriptive booklet FREE. Write for yours. (MENTION INSTRUMENT FAVORED) SAMPSONS, Dept. B, 481 Kent St., Box 4184X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.



2 MESSENGER Herbie (Eddie Bracken) interests secretary Dorothy (Veronica Lake) when he appears as singer with band.



4 TO FINANCE New York trip Betty sells shares in Herbie, and Dorothy, who wants him for another company, manages to buy a controlling interest, though shares are very over-subscribed.



6 AT IMPORTANT SHOW Dorothy uses a famous singer's gramophone record, to appear as if it was Herbie, but Betty discloses that selling contract was not legal and Herbie is free to stay with her band.

Asthma Curbed in 3 Minutes

Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy, and ruin your health. In 3 minutes Mendaco—the prescription of a famous doctor—circulates through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The very first day brings free, easy breathing and restful sleep. No dopes, no smokes, no injections. Just take pleasant, tasteless Mendaco tablets at meals and get relief from Asthma and Bronchitis in next to no time, even though you may have suffered for years. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco

Relieves Asthma . . . Now 6/- and 12/-

Eczema Itch Cause killed in 3 days

Your skin has nearly 50 million seams and pores where germs hide and cause terrible itching, cracking, stinging, burning, acne, ringworm, psoriasis, blackheads, pimples, foot itches and other blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germ quickly, and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin in one week, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day to remove the real cause of skin trouble. The guarantee protects you.

NIXODERM 2/- & 4/-

For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch



*These
World Famous Beauties
Choose Ponds Two
Creams for
their Complexion
Care.*

THE LADY STANLEY OF ALDERLEY

An internationally famous beauty with shining golden hair, vibrant blue eyes and a fine clear-blond English complexion. She says "Pond's is so effective for keeping my skin smooth and soft".

You'll be Thrilled with YOUR Pond's Complexion Too!

Your Pond's Creams give you the same complexion care as these world-famous beauties — and it is such a simple, such an effective way to keep your skin radiantly smooth and lovely.

Every night, every morning and for daytime freshen-ups too, smooth Pond's Cold Cream over your face and throat. Leave it on a few minutes to release dust and stale make-up. Wipe it off . . . and revel in the flower-fresh cleanliness and smoothness of your skin!

Always before you make up, smooth on a transparent film of fluffy, fragrant Pond's Vanishing Cream. Skin-softener, powder base, it holds your make-up magically fresh and attractive for hours.



THE COUNTESS OF CARNARVON

Exotically beautiful and a glamorous figure of international society . . . the Countess of Carnarvon has warm chestnut hair, sapphire blue eyes and skin like creamy velvet. "Pond's is my favourite beauty care," she says.



Pond's Cold Cream for thorough skin cleaning. Pond's Vanishing Cream the quick-and-silky powder base. At all chemists, chain and departmental stores, in attractive jars for your dressing table and convenient handbag-size tubes.



MRS. ALEXANDER WILLIAMS BIDDLE

She belongs to a family famous in American history and she herself has an aristocratic, delicately-complexioned beauty which she safeguards with Pond's. She says: "Pond's Cold Cream helps keep my skin so beautifully clean—and I am devoted to Pond's Vanishing Cream as a make-up base too".



We too, smoke

TURF

the popular choice

10 for 10d., 20 for 1/8

5768

TURF CIGARETTES ARE GUARANTEED 100% PURE



'CONTROL WITHOUT RESTRICTION'

Every day that passes brings nearer the happier days that are to come. We join you in looking to the future when you can buy the comfortable control of Lady Ruth Corsets . . . and we can supply them in unrestricted quantity. Your Lady Ruth of to-morrow will be better than ever . . . it will be part of your share in the rewards of victory.

Lady Ruth
PRACTICAL FRONT

Wondoflex

DUO-TEXTURE JERSEY

CREATING A NEW WORLD OF FABRICS
in the finest salons
in wool, laces & silks
MADE IN AUSTRALIA

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"LUCILLA" and "NELLIE"

Two bow-blouses in soft rayon crepe-de-chine.

"Lucilla" (at right) is fashioned in an excellent wearing rayon crepe-de-chine in shades of sky-blue, pale pink, and white.

It has the new and popular shoulder-line which makes it right for any occasion, and the high-fitting neckline trimmed with self bow. Good "tuck-in" length is given for comfortable wearing.

Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 19/11 (6 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 23/11 (6 coupons). Postage 10d. extra.

Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 12/3 (6 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 15/3 (6 coupons). Postage, 10d. extra.



"Nellie" (left) is also fashioned in rayon crepe-de-chine in shades of pastel-pink, pale blue, and white.

The style is frilly with a pretty upstanding neckline, softly fluted jabot, and frilled sleeves. Front fastens with self buttons.

Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 25/4 (6 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 29/6 (6 coupons). Postage, 10d. extra.

Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 16/6 (6 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 19/11 (6 coupons). Postage, 10d. extra.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 684

Darling baby smocksuit

DESIGN for this sweet little smocksuit is traced clearly on a medium winter-weight British lambkin in shades of blue, pink, and white, and is ready for you to cut out and stitch together.

It features a small Peter Pan collar, smocked yoke, and fully falling panels. The little bloomers are of matching material, and are gathered into waist and legs.

Size 6 to 12 months, 10/11 (4 coupons); 1 to 2 years, 11/6 (5 coupons). Postage, 6d. extra.

No. 685

Junior's one-piece suit for winter

WITH the pattern traced clearly on excellent British lambkin in shades of blue, pink, and white, this little suit is ready for you to cut out and make-up.

It has been specially designed for the very small boy just out of infant's clothes, and has a high neckline with Peter Pan collar, and smocking stamped on each shoulder ready for working. Waistline is self-belted, and bloomers are gathered into legs.

Size 12 months, 10/6 (4 coupons); 1 to 2 years, 11/3 (5 coupons). Postage, 6d. extra.



1.—Requires 1yd. 36in. 2.—Requires 1yd. 36in. 3.—Requires 1yd. 36in. wide.

SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Three well-fitting brassieres. Sizes 32, 34, and 36in. bust.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month, from date of issue; 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 1850, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4910, G.P.O., Perth. Box 4828W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 408P, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

TASMANIA: Box 1850, G.P.O., Melbourne.

N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME
STREET
SUBURB
TOWN STATE
SIZE Pattern Coupon, 9/2/46.

Why is she

always

invited to the party?

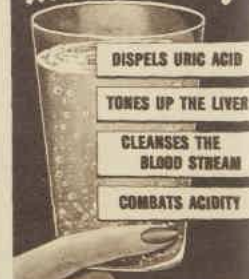


BECAUSE everybody likes her! Always a picture of health—a lovely smile and a happy disposition make her an ever-welcome guest. Yet she has a hard job in the city and home. How does she manage it? She takes a simple precaution. Two Bile Beans every night at bedtime. She knows that these harmless vegetable pills assist in the elimination of all waste matter and ensure perfect "inner health." Take a lead from her. Obtain a bottle from your chemist or store to-day. 1/2 or 3/.

BILE BEANS

FULL SUPPLIES OF
AUNT MARY'S
BAKING POWDER
AVAILABLE FROM
YOUR GROCER!

SCHUMANN'S
FIRST THING
EVERY MORNING!



DISPELS URIC ACID

TONES UP THE LIVER

CLEANSSES THE BLOOD STREAM

COMBATS ACIDITY

THE PRE-WAR SCHUMANN'S IS BACK AGAIN
Pre-war QUALITY. Pre-war EFFICIENCY
Enjoy again your morning glass of
SCHUMANN'S, as crystal clear as the
waters of the mineral springs. 1/6 and
2/9 at all chemists and stores.

Take SCHUMANN'S SALTS for..

CONSTIPATION
RHEUMATISM
LIVER DISORDERS
BILIOUSNESS
HEADACHES
LASSITUDE

SCHUMANN'S
MINERAL SPRING SALTS

Fashion PATTERNS

F4164.—Smart simplicity in the daytime. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4165.—Smart suit in spots, flattering to the figure. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4167.—Smart American contrast frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. wide with 1yd. of 36in. contrast, and 3yds. of braiding. Pattern, 1/8.

F4168.—You'll love this little dress because it's so young-looking. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

* PLEASE NOTE! To ensure the prompt despatch of orders by post, you should: * Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. * Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on opposite page. * No C.O.D. orders accepted.

SEE ADDRESS ON OPPOSITE PAGE.

F4164

F4165

F4167

F4166

F4168

It'll open your eyes

when you find
out what
tests have proved



Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter

SEE if you don't find new brightness in your teeth... new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove in just one week Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium—the exclusive, patented cleaning ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dingy film... fluffs it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner... in just one week they look far brighter!



For the safety of your smile—use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year.

PY.2.26

Defy Greyness—

and buy back 10 years
of your life!

INECTO HAIR COLOURING

Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Troubles!

QUICKLY EASED BY THIS
SYSTEM-CLEANSING
"Internal Bath"

If you suffer the torture of swollen, stiff joints and muscles maybe your organs of elimination are not functioning as they should. Rheumatism, sciatica, neuritis, lumbago, backache, sleepless nights, indigestion, dizziness, headaches—all these discomforts are often caused by faulty liver and kidney function. You need the blessed relief of R.U.R. It's a "real internal bath"—clears away accumulated acids from the system quickly and safely, yet contains no dangerous or habit-forming drugs. R.U.R. soothes, tones and cleanses kidney and bladder, stimulates the liver to get the bile flowing freely again.

THOUSANDS USE AND PRAISE R.U.R. Ex-Superintendent of Police, Stuart Robson, whose letter is one of hundreds received, says: "During the past 5 years I have had serious ill-health—muscles and joints causing much pain and stiffness, in addition to liver and kidney trouble. I received little relief until I tried R.U.R., but to-day I feel 10 years younger. The back and muscular pains have gone and general relief has been extremely great."

GUARANTEED TO SATISFY OR MONEY BACK Take R.U.R. and soon you will find your troubles disappear, to be replaced by suppleness, vigour and vibrant health. Full treatment with money-back guarantee 7/6, smaller size 4/-, all chemists & stores.

TAKE **R.U.R.**
AND RIGHT YOU ARE!





A Forecast . .

After nearly six years of intense concentration on war production, General Motors-Holden's is in process of demobilisation.

In the fulfilment of 500 war projects, many never previously manufactured in Australia, much has been learned. The "know-how" of volume production to high standards of precision has been acquired.

Factory buildings enlarged to cope with the demands of war now aggregate nearly 100 acres of floor space. They are equipped with the most modern machine tools and with testing and measuring equipment of almost fantastic precision. And—perhaps most important of all—there has been created an organisation of Australian Engineers and Production men with the skill and enthusiasm to play an important part in Australia's industrial future.

For the immediate future, the task ahead of us is to maintain employment at the highest possible level and to hasten the production of the motor vehicles so urgently needed for the full rehabilitation of Australia's civilian economy.

Already the Company is producing a limited number of new Trucks and expects reasonable quantities of Trucks, Utilities and Buses to become progressively available over the next few months. Once a start is made with passenger cars, volume will rapidly expand until a full range of all types of vehicles becomes available.

Meanwhile, a special group of Engineers is concentrating on the design and production of the completely Australian manufactured car. A project of this magnitude takes a lot of time but the undertaking is being pushed ahead with all possible speed. With the full backing of General Motors and with all the resources and technical skill of the G.M. organisation to draw upon, there is ample justification for the Company's confidence that this new car will be in every way a credit to Australian industry.

GENERAL MOTORS - HOLDEN'S LTD.

BEDFORD - BUICK - CADILLAC - CHEVROLET - G.M.C. - OLDSMOBILE - PONTIAC - VAUXHALL

COLOSEPTIC REMOVES MAIN CAUSE OF SELF-POISONING



* By inducing Better Internal Cleanliness, Coloseptic overcomes the possibility of Autoxina (self-poisoning) which is the cause of many ailments.

A level teaspoonful in a glass of water morning or night, once or twice a week, is sufficient after perfect relief is obtained.

COLOSEPTIC
(AUSTRALIA) LTD.
10 O'CONNELL ST., NEWTOWN, N.S.W.

FRECKLES

Tells How to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots and Have a Beautiful Complexion.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as **Kinltho**—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these unsightly spots. Simply get an ounce of **Kinltho** from any chemist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength **Kinltho**, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

OATINE FACE CREAM again procurable All Chemists

WOMEN

CONFIDENTIALLY, there's no need to suffer those woe periodic pains and discomforts. Women who know just take a simple **Midine** tablet in water and avoid being a misery to themselves and to others.

Price, 1/- box. Sufficient for several months.

MIDINE



Staisweet

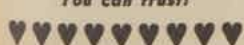
protects you against all risk of offending

Staisweet

gives you confidence and natural charm

Staisweet

The Deodorant Cream You can trust!



Leo Comes Home

Continued from page 9

PRESENTLY the woman asked, "You are American?" and Leo nodded, waiting for them to jump at him. When she didn't say anything more, he gave his name, rank, and serial number, which she checked against his dog tags. "My airplane, a Flying Fortress, was just shot down, about an hour ago." His voice sounded very odd to him. It broke, twice.

They all turned to the woman, when he finished speaking. She was watching Leo like a hawk, her eyes digging into him, and he shivered a little. Then she looked at the things they had taken from him, especially the crossword puzzle. It had been on the top of a newspaper page when he cut it out, and the date of two days ago was there, with the name of his town in Pennsylvania.

"I wance leaved een Peetabourgh," she told him, then kissed him, hard, on both cheeks. Before he knew what was happening, everybody, even the man with the knife, was kissing him and laughing and shaking his hand, and giving him wine to drink. He knew he had landed in France.

What happened after that happened so fast it took Leo a while to believe it was really happening. First they made him hide with them, and he watched a detachment of Nazi soldiers searching the woods all round them. The French had even hidden his 'chute, so there was nothing for the Jerries to find.

Then, after the Germans had gone, the French gave him some clothes like their own to wear, and buried his uniform and all his stuff. When he got used to walking in the wooden shoes, they led him through the trees to a dirt road where they were met by a rickety cart drawn by an old horse. There was also a girl and a man with a beard. The girl was very pretty. She smiled at Leo.

"Thees es Yvonne," the woman had lived in Pittsburgh told him. "She weel be your wife, and your name is Marcel."

Before Leo could say a word, they poured a couple of gallons of wine all over him.

"You air varry drunk," the woman went on, "because you 'ave just marry thees girl, Yvonne. An' now you are gawn to her fader's house near Dunkirk before ze curfew. Yvonne's all your papers. El zee Nazi stop you, jus' laugh lak you air drunk, an' sing song widout words. Jus' sing an' laugh. Yvonne an' Henri weel teach you on zee way. Here."

She handed him a small piece of paper. "Eef you need more help from people in France, show thees paper. Eef Nazis gat you, eat eet! You promise?"

Leo nodded, and they all kissed him again, poured more wine on him, and pushed him into the cart on a floor of hay, with Yvonne.

Right from the beginning, Yvonne lay close to him, her arm round his neck. As they rattled along she moved even closer, and sang a song softly, over and over again for him, until he almost learned the words.

And it came in handy, because they were stopped at the first bridge by a German sentry. Yvonne was singing when the Nazi yelled at them. Naturally, Leo got scared stiff, but she kept on singing and poked him in the ribs. So Leo started chanting, with his head buried in Yvonne's hair and his arms round her, tight. She giggled and kissed him loudly. A minute later the cart started moving again! "Cheri, cheri, wonderment!" she whispered to him. And she didn't try to move away, at all.

They were stopped again presently, but they kept on laughing and singing while the sentries inspected the cart. Then right after that, Leo could smell the ocean.

Five minutes later they stopped in front of a shack, climbed out of the cart, and went inside.

Henri said something to Yvonne, shook Leo's hand, and left. As the door closed behind him, the girl turned to Leo, took his head in her

hands, whispered something very softly in French, then kissed him again. Before he recovered, she was gone.

A few minutes later, two men, wearing high rubber boots and wide fishermen hats, came in. They closed the door behind them and then grabbed his hand, smiling in a friendly way.

Then some two hours later, Leo found himself on a small fishing smack tied up at a nearby pier. He was hiding behind the motor below deck. Four Frenchmen had carried him on board, wrapped in a rolled fishing net, right past two groups of German sentries, and by ten o'clock the boat had been drifted out on the tide and was on its way to England.

Cramped behind the chugging motor, Leo was suffering. It was the first time he had ever been on salt water, and he was badly seasick. He wouldn't have cared if they had hit a mine. In fact, he couldn't even show any excitement when the Frenchmen stopped an English minesweeper, and motioned for him to climb aboard it up a ladder. He just barely made the deck, and got even sicker all the rest of the way to England.

All the while the English Intelligence officer was questioning him at Dover, Leo was in a daze. All he wanted was a bed or even a floor to go to sleep on, so when the officer got excited after the questioning, and ordered a plane to take them to Supreme Headquarters, Leo only felt more miserable.

At Supreme Headquarters he could hardly keep his eyes open. He barely got his arm up for a salute to the general and colonels who had been called in to hear his story.

What he told them got them into a state of tremendous excitement. They looked at the clothes he was wearing, and inspected at least a hundred times the small piece of paper the Frenchwoman had given him.

"It's incredible," the general kept saying. "The underground must have just spread to that area. Incredible!"

Leo just shuddered.

Six hours and a thousand questions later—after they had given him an OD uniform (without his Tech Sergeant stripes on it) to wear, and strict orders not to say a word to a soul before he got to Washington—Leo found himself on his way back to the States. They crossed the Atlantic in less than nine hours, but Leo got alseick, so he didn't sleep.

At the field in Washington, while he and the pilot were waiting for a jeep, Leo scribbled a postcard to his folks. (The general hadn't said a word about not writing. Only not to talk.) "Am back in the States," he wrote. "Can't say more. Will write." He mailed it just before they were taken to the Intelligence Headquarters.

As soon as he arrived there, Intelligence got so excited they didn't even give him a minute before they began shooting questions at him. By this time his throat began getting hot and cold, his eyes couldn't focus. Then everything started to go black, and he passed out.

When he came to, Leo found himself on a couch, and one of the Intelligence officers—a colonel—was talking to a major from the medical who had just come in.

"Sorry to hold you up, just when you were starting on your leave, Major," the colonel was saying, "but this is an emergency case."

The major examined Leo. "He's just exhausted," he said; "nothing more. I'll give him a note admitting him to the hospital. A few days there should put him back on his feet."

The colonel called for a car, then gave Leo the doctor's note. "You'll have to use this to get admitted, since we have no orders for you to carry along. But remember this, whatever happens, don't tell a soul a single one of the things you told me. Nothing, do you understand? Nothing." Then he made Leo swear the secrecy oath before the car came to take him to the hospital.

Please turn to page 43

Welcome Home FLIT SOLDIER!



On all the fur-flung battlefronts of the war, the Flit soldier has been defending the health of fighting men. He has destroyed the mosquitoes that propagate yellow fever and malaria; the fleas and lice that spread typhus and a host of other diseases.

Now we are happy to welcome the Flit soldier home—home to give you and your family the powerful protection against the dangers and torments of these vile insect pests.

This means that Flit—with the familiar figure of the Flit soldier on the package, plus the addition of famous D.D.T., is available when and where you want it.



FLIT

Now contains D.D.T.

4 OUT OF 5

MAY HAVE TROUBLE



PYORRHEA

Tender gums—gums that bleed when you brush your teeth—are nature's warning of Pyorrhea with its soft, receding gums and loosening teeth.

Beware these warnings. Start now to guard against Pyorrhea this tested Forhan's way. Massage your gums and brush your teeth twice a day with Forhan's Tooth Paste, the only dentifrice containing the special anti-Pyorrhea astringent developed by R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. In recent clinical tests this simple treatment definitely improved 95% of Pyorrhea-threatened cases in only 30 days.

See your dentist regularly. Follow his advice. And start using Forhan's to-day for teeth that sparkle with new brilliance, for healthier, sturdier gums.



Forhan's

Cleans Teeth — Saves Gums

Reduced Prices 2/-, Extra Large Tube 3/-.
Australasian Agents: The Sheldon Drug Co. Pty. Ltd. Sydney

THE YOUNG IN HEART . . plan their ultra-modern home



equipped
with . . . GAS of course

Gas is the fashionable way to Brighter and Easier Living! That is why it is smart . . and practical . . to specify Gas when you're planning to build your New Home or to modernize your present dwelling. For the 4 Big Domestic Jobs—Cooking, Heating, Refrigeration and Hot Water—Gas offers a really modern and practical service, with Automatic Finger-Tip Control for True Economy and Convenience. Insist on GAS in your New Home! There'll be added leisure and more time for pleasure!

*Select approved appliances at your
Gas Company Showrooms*

GAS

FOR THE 4 BIG JOBS

HEATING..HOT WATER..REFRIGERATION..COOKING

*After six years devoted
to the War Effort, the
services of the Gas In-
dustry are now free to
assist you to Brighter
and Better Living.*



John E.

INSERTED BY THE NATIONAL GAS ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA



SUMMER Fruits

...preserved by bottling

● Preserving of fruits and vegetables is as easy as A.B.C. . . . if you know the answers . . . if you have the simple equipment.

By OLWEN FRANCIS,

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

BRIEFLY outlined here is the preservation of fruits by bottling in syrup or water.

Dehydration, a simple domestic process for fruits and vegetables, preservation in home freezing units, likely equipment on the future market are not considered here. Nor does this page deal with pickling, jam-making, or crystallising . . . that is another story.

In bottling, fruit may be preserved by either the open kettle method or the processed jar method. Vegetables may be preserved only by the processed jar method.

In the open kettle method, the fruit is cooked in an open pan until well done, and then packed into sterilised jars, covered, and sealed immediately.

The patent tops or screw tops with rubber rings are the best type of seal. Corks or lids sealed with wax or even clarified fat have been found quite satisfactory for fruit pulp and tomatoes in The Australian Women's Weekly Kitchen. Provided the fruit is fresh, cooking thorough, jars sterilised, and the seal perfect, this is a successful and safe method for any fruits.

The processed jar method for fruits and vegetables may be carried out in any one of three ways:

1. **Oven processing** is satisfactory for fruits and tomatoes. It is not recommended, however, as safe and sure for vegetables and meats.

2. **The hot-water bath method** is quite satisfactory for fruits and acid vegetables. Non-acid vegetables such as asparagus, corn, legumes, mushrooms, beetroot, as well as meats and poultry contain heat-resisting spores, and, while many samples have been preserved satisfactorily by the hot-water bath method, for guaranteed safety the pressure cooker should be used.

Equipment necessary for the hot-water bath method of preserving includes jars, fresh rubber rings for each time of use, metal tops of patent or screw variety, a lidded water container with an inside rack for jars. Jars should be at least 1 in. from bottom of container, and should not touch each other. A wooden spatula and patent stone-removers are assets for neat packing and attractive appearance.

3. **The pressure cooker** is regarded by scientists and research home economists as the most satisfactory type of equipment for the household preserving of fruit, vegetables, meat, poultry, and fish. Most authorities consider that the processing of vegetables and meats should be carried out only by this method. These cookers are not yet on the Australian market, but should be available by next season.

Considering here in further detail the **PROCESSED JAR METHOD**, a question and answer check is listed below. Knowing the answers is the surest way to prevent food spoilage. Check before starting the job.

Why must fruit and vegetables be garden fresh? Chemical changes quickly spoil wilted, bruised, or overripe fruit and vegetables. Such foods have poor flavor, less food value, and are likely to spoil in the jar even after processing. Often market-gut fruit is up to preserving quality. Use immediately after buying.

Should fresh rubber rings be used on jars each time of use? Yes. These keep the seal airtight, acting as a suction-pad. They are not satisfactory used twice.

Must patent jars and tops be used? Most satisfactory results are usually obtained by using patent jars with specially fitted vacuum lids and rings, or with specially fitted screw tops. Jam jars with screw tops may be used for bottling fruit, provided the edges are unchipped and the screw top is airtight. (Test by filling jar and inverting.)

What is meant by sterilising the jars before using? The jars should be washed in warm, slightly soapy, water, rinsed thoroughly, and placed on a folded cloth in a pan of clear water, and boiled for 15 minutes.

Is a thermometer essential in the hot-water bath method? No. The water may be

brought slowly to boiling point and then simmered, processing time being counted from the time the water boils. A very satisfactory result in appearance and flavor, however, is obtained if a thermometer is used and the water maintained at the temperature set out in the booklet supplied with special preserving outfit.

Should the foods be packed in a hot or cold liquid? Either method may be used. The hot pack method has been found more satisfactory for vegetables.

Is it necessary to use syrup in bottling fruit? No. Water can be used and sugar omitted. The sugar does not affect appreciably the keeping qualities of the fruit. The fresh fruit flavor, however, is better preserved when syrup is used. Of course, when the fruit is served the sugar will be required.

Can honey replace some of the sugar in bottling? Yes. Use a light syrup, and use half honey and half sugar. Using more honey overwhelms the flavor of the fruit.

What is meant by a heavy syrup, medium syrup, light syrup? Heavy syrup, 1 cup sugar to 1 cup water; medium syrup, 1 cup sugar to 2 cups water; light syrup, 1 cup sugar to 3 cups water. Boil water and sugar together for 5 minutes.

Should the jars be filled to overflowing with the syrup? No. If using water, fill to within 1 in. of the top; if using syrup fill to within 1 in. of top.

Are chemicals or preserving powders required for bottling? No.

What causes liquid to boil out of jars during processing? The jars may be packed too solidly or be too full. Too high a temperature or too rapid boiling may also cause this defect. The keeping quality of the food is not affected when the liquid has boiled out during processing provided that the seal is perfect when the jar is cool.

When processing in a water bath should the water cover the jars? Yes. Water should cover jars at least one inch over the top. If water boils down, add more boiling water.

What causes peaches and pears to discolor in the jars? They may have been under-processed. Check time and temperature carefully and if this was done previously, add 15 minutes to processing time this year.

The fruit may also have been exposed to the air too long after peeling; stand in slightly salted or plain water until ready to put in jars.

Pears are a better color if a tablespoon of lemon juice is added to each quart jar.

Why do some fruits float from the bottom of the jar? Over-ripe fruit may have been used. The fruit and tomatoes should be packed firmly as they shrink when heated. Processing too long or at too high a temperature may be the cause. Fruits also tend to float if a heavy syrup is used.

Should jars be cooled in the water? No. This causes over-cooking and certain types of spoilage may develop from slow cooling.



Why is it more difficult to bottle vegetables than fruit? Because vegetables are non-acid foods, containing heat-resisting bacteria difficult to kill.

Is it necessary to pre-cook vegetables before packing into jars? Yes. Cover prepared vegetables with boiling water and pre-cook 3 to 15 minutes. Use pre-cooking water in the jars. Most vegetables are improved by adding 1 teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon sugar to each quart jar.

What vegetables expand instead of shrink during processing? Corn, peas, and lima beans. Allow more space at the top of the jar than for other foods.

Does it injure vegetables to over-process them? It is better to over-process than under-process.

Does vinegar help to preserve bottled vegetables? Only amounts sufficient actually to

BOTTLING SUMMER FRUIT for winter use helps to give good nutritional balance to the menu all the year round. Make the most of seasonal surpluses. Only use good quality, sound fruit.

pickles the food have preservative effect. This is another story.

Can more liquid be added to fill a jar after it has been processed? No. If the jar is opened, reprocessing is necessary.

What is the most satisfactory test to make sure the perfect seal necessary for preserving has been obtained? This depends on the type of jar. With certain patent sealing types such as the Mason jar, the test recommended is tapping lid with spoon when cold; if properly sealed it gives a clear ringing note and the lid is slightly concave (curved in). Jars should not be turned upside down. For the Fowler vacuum, too, it is essential that immediately the bottles are removed from hot-water bath lids should be pressed down tightly on to the rubber ring; if the cover is found to be loose on cooling reprocessing is necessary for 1 hour to seal the bottle; the cover also should be slightly concave. Remove clips from bottles when cold.

Plain screw tops with rings may be tightened immediately they are removed from hot-water bath and inverted to test for leakage.

It is well closely to follow manufacturer's directions.

What are some of the signs of spoilage in the jar? A bulging lid, gas bubbles, oozing liquid, off color, mould, off normal odor, and spurting liquid when the lid is removed.

How long will home-preserved food keep? It should keep indefinitely, but often the quality deteriorates after one year. Date jars and use first the food preserved first.

Is boiling of bottled foods necessary before using? Vegetables (except tomatoes) and meats should be thoroughly boiled before using. Be on the safe side.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLE BOTTLING TIME-TABLE

Fruit	Hot Water Bath (no thermometer)	Pressure Cooker at 15 lbs.	Oven at 250°F.
	Minutes	Minutes	Minutes
Apples	25	10	75
Apricots	20	10	68
Blackberries	20	8	68
Cherries	20	10	68
Figs	30	10	90
Grapes	20	8	68
Peaches	20	10	68
Pears	25	10	75
Pineapple	30	15	90
Plums	20	10	68
Quinces	35	15	75
Rhubarb	10	5	68
Strawberries	20	8	68
Tomatoes	35	10	75

NOTE: Time in hot-water bath is counted from when the water boils. In pressure cooker count from the time when the correct pressure is registered on the gauge.

NOTE: When a thermometer is used in hot-water bath method process fruit and vegetables at a low temperature (180-190°F.) for 2½ to 3 hours, following directions in preserving outfit booklet.

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The one and only Bovril's back. And it's good cheer for everyone. A cup of Bovril is a stimulating drink. A teaspoonful in soups, stews and gravies adds a delicious beefy flavour. Remember: Bovril is the concentrated essence of prime beef. A little goes a long way.

THERE IS ONLY ONE BOVRIL

INTRODUCTION TO FINER EATING



I'll see that I'm given my proper place on the dining-room table, and once there, the folk won't be able to resist me. They'll eat with added zest, for I'm the ideal sharpener of jaded or failing appetites.

KEEN'S Mustard

We know you would like more Mustard, but Service demands have priority.

M3.4B



GARDEN COOKING CAN BE FUN. Barbecue parties or suppers appeal even to grown-ups on summer nights; younger set adore them. Outdoor fireplaces like the one shown above with Jimz Falkenburg (Columbia) are easily enough constructed. Why not copy?

FAMILY SPECIALS

• Here are the winners in this week's recipe contest: a mock chicken pie, luscious berry pudding, cookies for the lunch box, a special pie—and others.

WHY not send your family favorite in to us? Cash prizes are awarded every week.

You simply write on one side of the paper only, and clearly include name and full postal address.

Let your choice range over all types of recipes.

You are but one of the thousands of homemakers who must cut lunches five days out of seven, prepare meals daily for the family.

The sharing of ideas, the passing on of good, home-tested recipes, therefore, is such a help to others.

SAVORY MOCK CHICKEN PIE

One pound tripe, 1 onion, 3 or 4 thick slices of stale bread, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon thyme, salt and pepper, squeeze of lemon, 1lb green peas, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Blanch the tripe and cut into small pieces. Cover with water, add onion and 1 teaspoon salt and simmer until tender, about 1 hour. Make a seasoning by moistening the bread with the tripe stock, add chopped onion from the stock, beaten egg, chopped parsley, thyme and lemon, pepper and salt to taste. Place a layer of bread seasoning in a greased ovenproof dish, cover with tripe, then cooked green peas. Lastly cover with a layer of seasoning and dot with butter. Bake in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 45 minutes.

First Prize of £1 to Miss M. Bell, 32 Esplanade, Semaphore, S.A.

FIG MERINGUE PIE

Half pound short pastry, 2 cups chopped fresh figs, 1 cup water, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 2 level tablespoons cornflour, 2 egg-yolks, 1 cup orange juice, 1 tablespoon butter (may be omitted), 2 egg-whites.

Boil figs, water, and orange rind 3 minutes. Add half the sugar and cornflour blended with a little cold water and cook 5 minutes, stirring well. Cool, add beaten egg-yolks, orange juice, and butter. Pour into a baked pastry case and top with meringue of egg-whites whisked with remaining sugar. Brown lightly in slow oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. P. Taylor, Princes Highway, Drouin Vic.

LOGANBERRY PUDDING

One tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk,

1 cup self-raising flour, about 1 cup loganberries.

Cream the butter with half the sugar (honey may be used). Beat in egg and stir in sifted flour and milk. Grease pudding mould, pour in half the mixture, cover with loganberries and sprinkle rest of sugar over berries. Pour rest of mixture over and steam for 1 hour. Serve with sweet sauce. Any berries or fruit may replace the loganberries.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. N. Gavens, 15 Ligar St., Colac, Vic.

MARMALADE COOKIES

Three ounces butter or dripping, 3oz. brown sugar, 1 tablespoon marmalade, 1 egg, 6oz. self-raising flour.

Beat fat and sugar to a smooth cream. Beat in the egg and then stir in the marmalade and sifted flour. Place teaspoonfuls of mixture on greased slide and bake 10 minutes in a moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Edwards, Oakdale, via Camden, N.S.W.

CARAMEL FROSTING

One cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons white sugar, 1 cup boiling water, 2 egg-whites, vanilla essence, pinch baking powder.

Cook sugar and water until the mixture forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Whisk egg-whites to a stiff froth and beat in the sugar syrup gradually, add few drops vanilla essence and pinch baking powder, and beat until the frosting holds its shape. Spread on cake. Chopped almonds may be added before spreading.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Turner, 7 Wakaden St., Griffith, N.S.W.

SPICY SPONGE CAKE

Three eggs, 1 cup castor sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 tablespoons boiling water.

Beat egg-whites until stiff, add sugar gradually, and then egg-yolks, beating to a thick cream. Fold in sifted flour and spices, and then butter melted in boiling water. Pour into deep cake-tin, about 8in. in diameter. Bake about 40 minutes in a moderate oven. When cold, slice and fill with marshmallow filling or mock cream. These fillings are delicious flavored with ginger syrup or chopped ginger.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Paine, 12 Tucker St., W. Footscray, Vic.

GASTRIC AND DUODENAL ULCERS. NEW DIET HELPS RECOVERY.

Medical research into Nutrition and Vitamin Therapy, as applied to Gastric and Duodenal disorders has disclosed the fact that diet plays a dual-purpose role in the patient's recovery. Firstly, the diet must be bland and non-irritant so that it will not interfere with delicate tissues. Secondly, it must provide ample nourishment to guard against physical fatigue and nervous depression. It is imperative that sufferers must be mentally and physically pre-occupied in their normal occupation; and to do this, they must be completely nourished.

The new diet, to provide complete nourishment, includes ENERTONE—Vitamin, Mineral and Protein-enriched food. Non-irritating and a delight to the palate, ENERTONE is non acid-forming and quickly restores stamina, vitality and nervous stability... the first stepping stone to recovery. ENERTONE is obtainable from chemists only and costs but 3/6 for a 30 oz. canister.

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ICE CREAM
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Remove unsightly facial hairs with the aid of "VANIX." Firstly obtain a bottle of "Vanix" and follow the simple directions. After the first few applications the hairs will become less and less noticeable, then will gradually wither as the

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penetrates deeper and deeper into the hair tissue. Finally the devastating effects of "VANIX" will destroy the hairs permanently. Obtainable, price 5/11 a bottle (Post 8/4), from Hallam's Pty. Ltd., 215 George St., Sydney, and all Branches; Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; Swift's Pharmacy, 379 Little Collins St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 236 Edward St., Melbourne; and Birks Chemists, Ltd., 57 and 59 Boodle St., Adelaide.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily as your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weak, and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes these good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harness, gain, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

5-3-44



Marjory Carter

"AEROPHOS" COOKERY EXPERT.

Gives You Delicious Recipes to Delight Friends and Family Alike!

Marjory Carter, who is an authority on baking, has been engaged specially by the manufacturers of "Aerophos" to give you tested recipes that are delicious, tempting and easy to bake.

Try these two recipes! Follow the direc-

tions carefully and make sure you use a brand of self-raising flour containing "Aerophos" to be certain of success!

Keep looking in later issues of this journal for more special recipes recommended by Marjory Carter.



BIRD'S NEST CAKE

CAKE:

4 ozs. shortening (butter or substitute),
5 ozs. castor sugar,
7 ozs. Self-raising Flour containing "Aerophos,"
Good pinch salt,
4 eggs,
½ cup milk,
1 tablespoon coffee essence.

FILLING AND ICING.

6 ozs. sifted icing sugar,
1½ ozs. shortening,
1 tablespoon coffee essence,
Vanilla essence,
2 teaspoons boiling water,
Few nuts.

BIRD'S EGGS:

2 ozs. ground almonds or meal,
1½ ozs. castor sugar,
1½ ozs. icing sugar,
Egg yolk,
Almond essence,
Vanilla essence,
Coloring.
Or mock almond paste may be used.

Grease round cake tin 8", and line bottom with greased paper. Cream butter and sugar. Beat in egg yolks and then coffee essence and milk. Lightly stir in sifted flour, and lastly stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in a moderate oven for 1 hour.

Cream filling ingredients together, flavouring to taste. Mix the ingredients for the bird's eggs into a stiff paste, colouring as liked, moulding into shapes in the hands and dusting with icing sugar. When cake is cold, cut a hollow in the centre top. Fill and top cake, roughing into peaks with a knife. Sprinkle with a few nuts, and a little green almond paste. Arrange eggs in the centre.



THREE WAY TEA SCONE

1 cup Self-raising Flour containing "Aerophos,"
¼ teaspoon salt,
2 tablespoons powdered milk,
½ cup sugar,

½ cup cold water,
2 tablespoons coconut (may be omitted),
1 egg,
1 tablespoon melted butter,
Flavouring.

1. Sift flour, salt and powdered milk; add sugar and coconut. Beat egg with water and add melted butter and flavouring. Pour into dry ingredients and mix well. Pour into well greased ring tin or 8" sponge sandwich tin. Bake in a fairly hot oven for 30 to 40 minutes.

2. Cut thinly sliced raw apple and place in overlapping slices on the uncooked cake, sprinkle with mixed cinnamon and sugar and bake.

3. Add 3 tablespoons of mixed fruit and nuts to the flour mixture before the liquid and bake as above. Serve hot or cold with butter or preserves.



"EVERYTHING'S HANDY IN THIS MODERN KITCHEN" says Marjory Carter.

- Double sink — rinsing, washing — single action, two way, swivel hospital faucet.
- Snack bench — for quick breakfasts, etc.
- No bending down to cupboards — plenty of foot room.
- Cupboards such as zinc lined bread cupboard have drop front doors forming shelves when open.

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Pamela Patience... that's sound advice



"Well, I do know what the Horrockses name stands for," said Pamela Patience. "I always choose Horrockses fabrics myself. So when the salesman showed Michael John pyjamas of Horrockses Flannelette, of course I advised him to get them. And like all Horrockses fabrics it is colour-fast and will wear and wear. It pays you to get Horrockses."

Horrockses

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WORTH A GUINEA
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Grow them this way!

SWEET PEAS...

By OUR HOME GARDENER

SEEDS can be sown from January to April, and such sowings will escape the hot winds of late spring.

In some parts, however, sweet peas can be sown as late as the second week in June.

Three of the most important factors are thorough soil preparation, favorable aspect, and good support for the vines. Other factors of importance are good drainage, pedigreed seed, disease and pest control.

In heavy soil, the bed should be raised as high as possible above the common level, and means must be taken to get any water surplus away freely. All weeds should be removed, not dug in, and the soil turned over to a good depth with the fork.

Very deep trenching is not necessary unless the ground happens to be almost pure sand, when the incorporation, to a fair depth, of plenty of compost and old manure will be found essential.

Peas need ample lime, but in heavy soils this is necessary only once every 3 or 4 years. In lighter soils that leach, more frequent dressings are necessary. Soil must be fertile and rich, for peas are rather hungry.

About a month before sowing seed, spread old manure, some well-rotted compost, ashes from the garden fire, and about 2oz. to the yard of either superphosphate or bone meal on the surface and dig into the top spit of soil. Rake level and firm well, particularly in sandy areas.

The support should be put into position long before sowing. In every case this should be at least 8ft. tall. Stiff wires stretched from top to bottom are better than wire netting, which often spoils flower stems by tangling in the mesh.

Sweet pea seed has a very hard outer skin, so nick with a razor blade to enable it to germinate easily.

Sow seed evenly; do not overcrowd—8in. apart in the rows is near enough. Slugs and snails are often troublesome, and will eat off seedlings. Regular baiting with meta and bran or equal parts of tobacco dust and lime will wipe out these pests.

Small mesh wire netting stretched across the rows until they start to climb will baffle birds, and regular sprayings of lime sulphur solution will keep plants free of mildew.

Beauty Hints

DRY, stringy hair responds beautifully to hot oil treatments. Rub a little hot oil (or hair tonic) into the scalp the night before shampooing and you will be surprised at the difference.

IF you want your nails to appear longer than they really are, bring the polish right down to the base of the nail and cover the moons.

TWO glasses of water taken first thing on rising are really good for you; why not start to-morrow morning?

A DAILY eye-bath is one of the important things to remember for sparkling, healthy eyes. Use a good eye-lotion or warm water to which a pinch of boracic has been added.



YOU CAN produce exquisite, tall-stemmed sweet-peas like these by following the advice given in the accompanying article.

Movies and the children...

By MEDICO

THIS morning I was called in to patch up young Jimmy Howard. He'd come to grief in a "flying" accident.

Actually he'd climbed a tree and followed an urge to fly. Fortunately, he'd been caught on a lower limb, which broke his fall and probably saved his skull.

"I'll bet he got the idea at the pictures," said his distraught mother. "Should I let him go to the movies, doctor?"

"That is by no means an easy question to answer," I said. "There has been very little detailed study made of the child's reaction to the type of pictures being shown in commercial theatres to-day. Even the most censor-blessed films can do quaint things to the child's mind. Secondly, there are almost no pic-

tures which have been specially made for children."

"But surely," exclaimed Mrs. Howard, "the Walt Disney films are specially made for children."

"On the contrary," I said. "Walt Disney himself has never set out to make pictures for children."

"Don't censors classify the pictures suitable for children?" she asked.

"No adult can fully interpret the child's outlook on life and his reactions to films. Many of the grown-up situations which the censors condemn for children are quite beyond the child's understanding, anyway."

"Do you think that the fantastic pictures are bad for children?"

"A child's mind lives in a world of make-believe and probably the more unreal to life the picture is the more suitable it is for children," I said.

"Are gangster pictures bad for children in that they make for juvenile crime?"

"Experts disagree on that point, so who am I to decide," I said. "But I do feel what most guides the child into crime or honesty is the kind of family, home, school, and neighborhood in which the child lives. I don't think that a child whose background is good will be encouraged to crime by seeing pictures of crime."

"Take your child to the pictures now and again. Watch him as he is absorbed by the passing show. Encourage him to ask questions afterwards. Ask him what he remembers of the story or the scenes. From this you will get a better and more individual answer to your question than I can give you."

"Get some of your young married friends to do the same. Compare notes and you will be laying the foundation of an enlightened audience which will gradually demand something better and more suitable than most of the pictures that are shown to-day, even at so-called children's matinees."



GROOM brows every day with brush like Elizabeth Fraser, Warner Bros. star.

Catch me scrubbing clothes?
NOT ON YOUR LIFE!

DORIS, HOW DO YOU DO IT? HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO TAKE IT SO EASY ON WASHDAY... AND YOU WITH TWO CHILDREN

IT'S SIMPLE, AUNTIE. WHILE YOU'RE SCRUBBING AWAY WITH OLD-FASHIONED BAR SOAP, I LET RINSO DO THE HARD WORK FOR ME.

NEXT WASHDAY I'LL SAY THEY'RE RICH! NO WONDER YOU DON'T NEED TO SCRUB WITH SUDS LIKE THOSE!

RINSO GETS WHITES WHITER WITHOUT HARD SCRUBBING, AND THINGS LAST TWICE AS LONG NOW.

AND YOUR COLOURED LOOK SO BRIGHT AND FRESH! IT'S RINSO FOR ME!



Is it time to phone the Doctor?

There are times in every home when we are faced with the decision — "Is it time to 'phone the doctor?" We sometimes hesitate to trouble the busy doctor with some minor ailment which might, in a day or so, clear up of its own accord. The final decision, of course, must rest with you. But if there's a doubt in your mind, it's a wise plan to either 'phone your doctor or, if possible, go along to his surgery. His friendly advice and attention are always at your service.

* * *

NYAL MEDICINES are **NOT** intended to replace your doctor. They are designed

for the treatment of the simple, straightforward, everyday ailments such as coughs, colds and sore throats which visit every home from time to time. The formula of each NYAL FAMILY MEDICINE is plainly printed on the package. That is why your chemist can recommend NYAL MEDICINES with complete confidence—because he knows just what each one contains, and what it is intended to do. Whenever there is need for a medicine in your home—ask your chemist to suggest the appropriate NYAL FAMILY MEDICINE.



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Leo Comes Home

Continued from page 35

THE lieutenant at the hospital read the note Leo handed him, then pulled out a form sheet and began asking some stock questions. Leo gave him his name, rank, and serial number, fighting hard to keep from passing out again.

"Tech Sergeant Kluggs, you say?" the lieutenant asked, looking at Leo's bare sleeve.

"They gave me this uniform in England to replace the—" Leo stopped, remembering the secrecy oath. The officer waited a minute for him to finish. Then he tried a new angle.

"What air force were you with over there?" was the next question. Leo shook his head, lips together.

"If you were overseas, how long were you there, and where are your ribbons?"

Leo didn't answer. The lieutenant studied him for a moment, then pushed a buzzer. Two husky guys in white coats came in.

"Psychopathic," said the officer. "Ward seven."

That woke Leo up. "Psychopathic?" he screeched. "I'm not psychopathic! I'm exhausted!" He tried to push the white-coated muscle-men away. But they wouldn't go away. So it became a tussle. The lieutenant shook his head sadly and took a hypodermic out of a cabinet.

"Violent type," he said, jabbing Leo. "Put him in room four."

After Leo was carried off, fast asleep, the lieutenant tried to get in touch with the medical major who had signed the note Leo brought in. But the major had already gone on his leave, and nobody in his office knew about a psychopath named Kluggs.

The next day Leo woke up with a buzzing head. The first thing he saw, when he opened his eyes, was a man in a white jacket, sitting watching him. Leo moaned softly.

Just then the lieutenant came in and asked if he felt all right. Leo nodded, relieved, that somebody else was in the room, somebody without so many muscles.

"You see, all I want to know," the lieutenant said softly, "is what you were doing overseas, and why you came back. That's all."

"But I can't tell you," Leo answered.

"Then I'm afraid you will have to stay with us until you can."

"That's what you think!" Leo yelled, waving his arms and starting to jump out of bed. "You wait until Intelligence hears about this!"

One minute and a hypodermic later, Leo was on his back again, going crazy trying to keep his eyes open.

On his third day in the strait-jacket, Leo begged the lieutenant to call the Intelligence Headquarters. "They can explain everything," he pleaded, "honest, they can, sir. Please call them."

At the same time Intelligence was trying to find Leo. The hospital office had no record of Leo's entry, and no card on his case, since they weren't sure that even his name was right. (He didn't have his dog-tags. The French took those.) As yet the lieutenant had not turned in any report on him to the office.

The colonel at Intelligence was practically tearing his hair. If Leo disappeared, anything might happen. Then he remembered how tired and strange Leo had looked. Maybe he went home to his folks, the colonel figured, grabbing for a telephone. Ten minutes later a telephone was on its way to the Kluggs.

Fifteen minutes after that, the lieutenant from the hospital called Intelligence and was transferred immediately to the colonel. When he mentioned Leo's name the phone almost exploded in his hand.

"Psychopathic? Hypodermics!" a voice screamed back. "Get him out of that and over here in nothing flat, do you hear me?"

Back in Pennsylvania, Mr. Kluggs was trying to figure out why Intelligence should wire him to find out where Leo was. And Leo himself then was so thankful to be out of the hospital, he forgot to be mad,

especially after the colonel told him they would send him home on a two-week furlough, once he was through being questioned a little more. They even let him send a wire, saying: "Will be home on a furlough soon. Love, Leo."

The Kluggs didn't know what to make of this telegram. They had already wired Intelligence they didn't know where Leo was. Marge and Mrs. Kluggs were sure Leo was in some deep trouble which he would never straighten out. The neighbors didn't say anything. But the stories that started were all ugly.

Finally Leo arrived home on a Saturday night—nervous, excited, and worried. He wasn't sure what kind of a reception he was going to get.

As soon as he walked into the house, he knew he was cooked! His folks and Marge were sitting in the living-room—not talking, just sitting. When he came in, they all jumped up—then froze. The room was very quiet.

"Is... is this the way to welcome a guy home?" he asked. Mrs. Kluggs ran to him, tears in her eyes, but over her shoulder he could see his father's face. Mr. Kluggs looked angry and confused. Marge just stood where she was, trembling, her eyes wet. He couldn't tell, yet, how she felt.

"Are you all right, Leo?" his mother asked, holding on to his arms, tight. "We were so... so worried about you." Marge still didn't make a move.

Leo's father walked right up close to them and looked into his son's eyes. "There are a lot of things we couldn't understand," he said. "No one in town could. So we want to know what happened." His voice was tight, but shaky underneath, like the time Leo wrecked the car. Marge was sniffling a little by now.

Leo knew he was in for it. But there was still the oath of secrecy.

"I'm too tired to talk right now," he said. "I need rest. I just got out of a hospital."

"Leo!" His mother sat down next to him. "What was wrong?"

"I can't tell you," Leo answered, and went upstairs to his room, his head bubbling, his knees weak.

The next five days were the worst Leo could remember, much worse than the two he had spent in Europe. His father didn't even look at him. His mother was afraid to talk to him, because of his father. Marge stopped coming over from her house. And the town was full of rumors.

He had just about given up, on the fifth night, and was packing his things—when two special deliveries arrived from Intelligence. One was for him, the other for his folks.

His letter ordered him back to Washington immediately, but from the way the colonel wrote, it looked as if he might have a choice of going overseas again.

But the letter to Mr. Kluggs—with an official stamp on it—said: "We are proud to inform you that your son, Technical Sergeant Leo Kluggs, has performed a great service to his country, although what he did, while making his way through enemy-occupied territory, cannot be made public until after the war. For his bravery, resourcefulness, and courage he is being recalled to Washington, to be decorated personally by the President of the United States. This much may be made public."

There were only three people at the station to see Leo off. How his folks felt can be imagined, easily. But Marge was in a funny position.

Leo kissed her good-bye, all right, before he got on the train. When she asked if anything had changed between them, however, he didn't seem too sure. He showed her a French grammar book.

"I have to get back to France, somehow," he answered. "There is a little unfinished business waiting for me near the Channel coast."

The first thing he did on the train was to start studying the book. The next time he saw Yvonne he wanted to be sure he knew what she was saying.

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